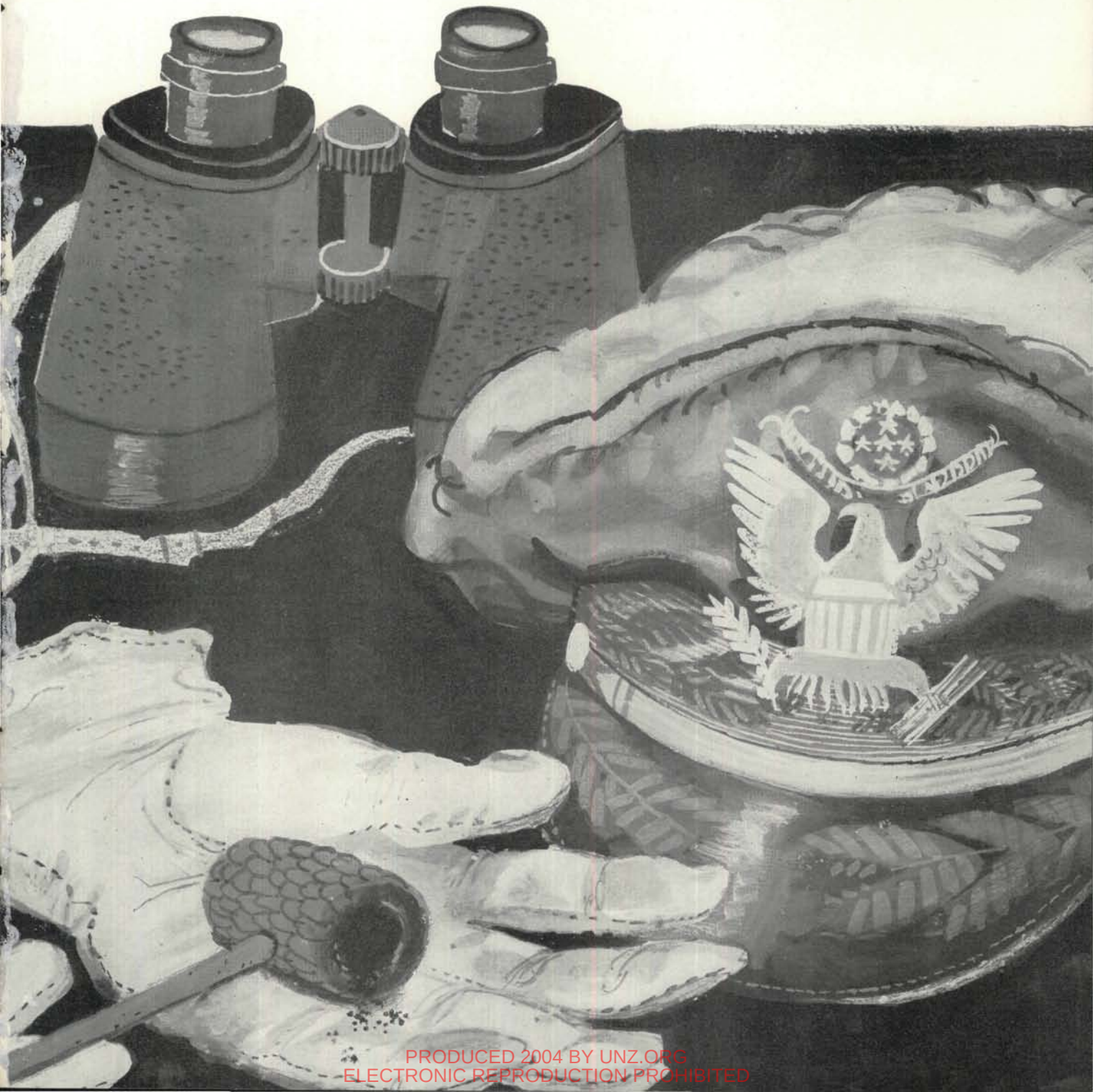
Tactics and Politics: Washington and Korea

The Reporter

May 15, 1951 25c



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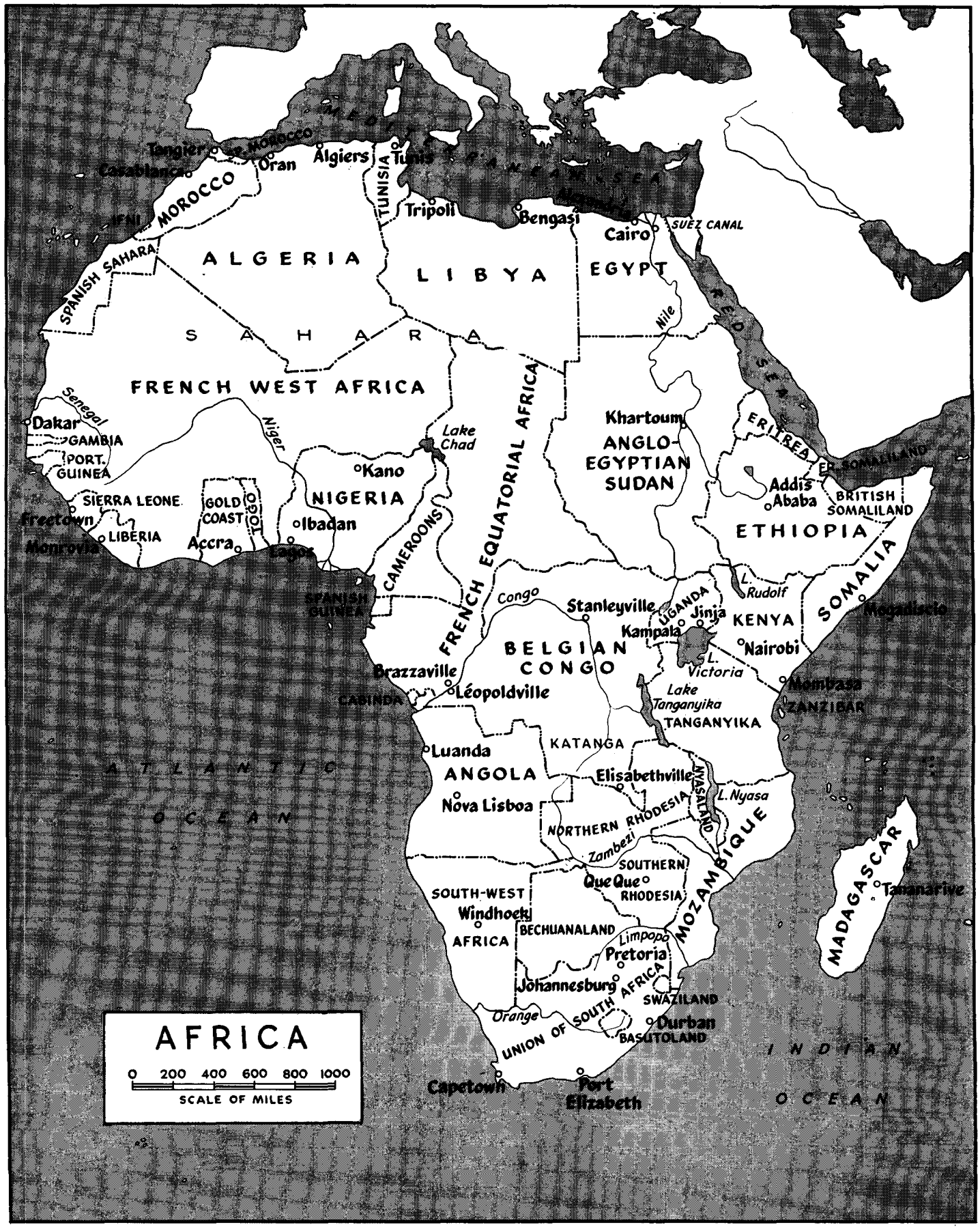

Africa—the lifting darkness (see page 17)

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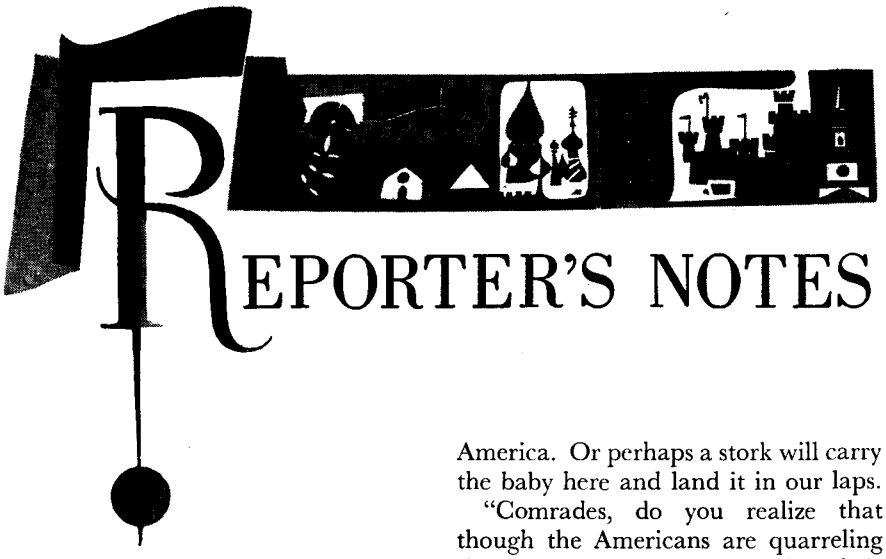

REPORTER'S NOTES

Troubles in the Kremlin

The arbiters of Russian destiny are sitting around a big table, in one of their all-night sessions. Gloom is in the air. Everybody is looking at everybody else with more than usual suspicion, but never for long losing sight of The Chief, whose face is drawn.

"The best thing we can do," one man says, "is sit tight and watch. Or rattle the saber at our borders, while our loudspeakers keep blaring peace, peace, peace, as they have these last few years, and then wait. The dissensions in the enemy's camp are working for us. I have all the evidence: Every day the Americans are getting more distrustful of the Europeans. The anti-American wave in Europe is mounting. The job of spreading confusion has been spontaneously assumed by people whom we don't control and don't pay. The left-wingers in England and the right-wingers in America are doing well. The internal conflicts in the enemy camp will stop only if we are stupid enough to attack now."

Another man, who can scarcely control his indignation, speaks up: "All right, let's do nothing, plan nothing. Let's tell the millions of people we have mobilized in our armies, the millions of comrades in enemy countries whom we have trained to act, let's tell them all: 'Sit back and relax. Or keep in trim, take some calisthenics. Talk revolution but never try it.' Marx said that violence is the midwife of history. But there are men here who think that the world revolution can come painlessly, the way women bear children in America. Or perhaps a stork will carry the baby here and land it in our laps.

"Comrades, do you realize that though the Americans are quarreling their rearmament goes on? While their President and one of their generals make faces at each other, their steel production surges ahead. It is more than three times our production. . . ."

The discussion goes on and on, far into the morning. It keeps revolving around the same points:

"If we don't move, our people can't be kept for long under the tension we have imposed on them."

"If we move, we will give our enemies the unity they have lost."

"While we engage in this great debate between those who want to move and those who don't, guns and planes and tanks are rolling out of the American factories."

One shrewd man labors the point that the quarrels between Truman and MacArthur, Attlee and Bevan, De Gasperi and the left-wingers inside his party, that all these are just superb theatrical performances staged by the ruling circles of Wall Street. "They have only one purpose," the speaker concludes, with a dramatic sweep of his arms: "to make us divided and afraid to act."

This point makes everybody present stop and think. Then the discussion resumes, but with more harmony and about one topic—America. The consensus seems to be that America is unfathomable, unpredictable, beyond the reach of Marxist, or even common-sense, understanding. The great specialist on America speaks at length: "They talk too much for our good," he says. "Things are being printed there so dangerous that if they were known over here they could threaten our national security. We have to classify practically every American newspaper clipping we get. When you talk of Wall Street and its lackeys, do you know that Wall Street's own journal has consistently followed a pacifist policy since the Korean War started? Do you know that instead of talking like a bloodthirsty warmonger, one of the most powerful American generals, Omar Bradley, makes more propaganda for peace, talks peace with greater fervor than all our Stockholm high priests? He even manages to look like a Gandhi who happened to become a general."

The Chief, who hasn't opened his mouth, seems about to speak. "America," he mutters, choked by hatred. "The chattering sphinx."

A Good Man

Exactly when the nation needed him most, Senator Vandenberg died. His wisdom, his patriotism, his eloquence made him outstanding among our Senators, but there are still a few men in the Senate—too few—who are wise, patriotic, and eloquent.

What made Vandenberg unique was the fact that he, more than any other living man, had a thorough knowledge of isolationism. He outgrew the old type of isolationism—the belief that our nation could passively detach itself from the rest of the world. In our day, a new type of isolationism has come into existence, flamboyant and militant. It is no longer hypnotized by the idea of a secluded, sheltered peace. On the contrary, it is ready to accept a war or to enlarge the ones we may be in. But invariably in such wars we would find ourselves without any allies and friends other than those who are for hire. Isolation seems to be the goal, and not the starting point, of this new policy.

It is imperative that this policy be denounced by a man of acknowledged national prestige, a man who can be implacable toward the new isolationism and charitable toward its misguided exponents.

The name that comes to mind is Arthur Vandenberg, who has just died.

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Correspondence

The Finns

To the Editor: It was good to read a comprehensive, factual report on Finland in the April 3 *Reporter*. As many people—a lot of them in Washington—have consigned Finland to the satellite camp, it is high time that the facts of Finnish political life are put on the record.

However, the writer, Ernest Leiser, was misinformed on one vital fact. He writes "It was, ironically, not the Kremlin that engineered Kekkonen's appointment as Premier in March, 1950," going on to say that it was a political matter of course that President Paasikivi, on his re-election, requested the numerically stronger Agrarians to form a new government.

When President Paasikivi was re-elected in January, 1950, he was as usual on the best of terms with Premier Karl-August Fagerholm, who, since July, 1948, had been successfully running a minority Social Democratic Government. About the only thing Paasikivi ever asked of Fagerholm was to "pipe down" in his attacks on the Communists in Finland's best interests. This was in February, 1950, when Finnish trade delegates already had been cooling their heels in a Moscow hotel for three months, waiting to discuss the annual trade agreement. (This contract is as vital to the Finnish economy as its trade agreements with the West.)

A few weeks later, Fagerholm and Speaker of the House Dr. Urho Kekkonen suddenly switched jobs. Almost the next day, the Russians "discovered" the Finns at their hotel and drew up a whopper of a trade agreement which takes large quantities of goods the Finns have difficulty selling elsewhere today.

This episode is only one example of Soviet pressure on Finnish internal affairs, contrary to stipulations in the Soviet-Finnish Friendship Pact, which still has seven years to run. Fagerholm, always a thorn in the Russian bear's hide, was removed and replaced by the more amenable Dr. Kekkonen. But, as Leiser indicates, it will still take some doing to bring the stubborn Finns to heel.

ELSA KRUUSE
New York City

Add Larcenies

To the Editor: The letter entitled "Appeal Unto Caesar" in your Correspondence column in the issue of April 17 struck a responsive chord. I have just had an experience with small-time crime.

I needed a new stove and my landlord did not seem inclined to provide it. A full-page advertisement in the morning paper listed a stove of the size I wanted at a reduced price, and I took a taxi ($1.75) to the address indicated. The stove looked all right but somehow I had my misgivings and told the salesman that I would like to consider it. He replied that they were selling out but would keep it if I would make a deposit.

In my naiveté I planked down a ten-dollar bill and received a receipt. The next day my landlord had a change of heart and offered to have a stove put in for me, whereupon I wrote the big-time business concern that I had decided not to take the stove, and I did not mention the deposit. A week or two later I received a letter that astonished my simplicity. Couched in rather insolent terms, it stated that if I did not give orders to send the stove immediately they would have to communicate with my employer and attach my wages.

My reply stated among other things that I had no employer. Writing it was well worth the ten dollars plus taxi fares, for they had evidently not suspected me of having the old-age pension which my eighty years entitle me to.

E. T. JORDAN
Chicago

On Gayelord Hauser

To the Editor: Your article on Gayelord Hauser seemed to me a bit on the jesting and belittling side. I can give you some facts on his advice in action and applied operation. When I returned from the Navy I found my eighty-one-year-old father crippled with arthritis and walking with a stooped shuffle. He was pale and irritable; his hands were getting stiff. Since he tried to work to keep the home going while my brother and I were in the service, he had many a painful hour.

I took my dad to several doctors, several of them personal friends. I was told he had about six months to live and that he had anemia along with his arthritis of the spine, knees, hands, and ankles. They gave him salicylates to take for the pain, and told me he had reached the end of his life span. Since this was the opinion of several physicians, I gave up searching for medical help.

One day I saw a Gayelord Hauser book on diet. I bought it and gave it to my dad. He has followed the advice for the past few years. On his birthday, March 19, 1951 (eighty-six years old), he exercised at the local Y.M.C.A. for about two hours, and he has been roller-skating at a local rink almost every Sunday night.

He was a famous athlete at one time. When his illness came on him he seemed to shrink up and stiffen up to a point where he looked like a little old man. He barely walked. Now he can be seen running along the riverbank with my dog. Many people cannot get over the change in him.

He follows all the things you ridicule in your article on Hauser. If they are so poor in results, how do you account for his relief and improvement? It certainly has not been medical treatment. His only change has been in his eating habits. Other people in this area who have tried the results of a change in diet to that recommended by Hauser are also better and more healthy. I believe Columbia University just announced that yogurt had an antibiotic action in the body. You might look into this.

The doctors that I had look over my father explain it as "just one of those things." I know we need medicine and we need more than the many fine doctors we now have, but let us not kill the desire to eat in a manner that will build efficient bodies by running down a man who has proven right in our case. After all we only spent three dollars on his book. I had spent exactly $1,356 on doctors to help my dad before that.

GRANVILLE RICE
Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania

Contributors

Colonel S. L. A. Marshall, military analyst for the Detroit *News,* has recently returned from Korea. . . . **McGeorge Bundy** was co-author with Henry L. Stimson of *On Active Service in Peace and War.* . . . **George Barrett** is a war correspondent of the New York *Times* in Korea. . . . **George H. T. Kimble,** director of the American Geographic Society, recently returned from a tour of Africa. . . . **Joyce Cary's** most recent novels have been *A Fearful Joy* and *The Horse's Mouth.* . . . **Ernest Leiser** is bureau chief of the Overseas News Agency in Frankfurt. . . . **Fred M. Hechinger** is education editor of the New York *Herald Tribune.* . . . **Theodore Draper,** a historian, contributes frequently to *The Reporter.* . . . **Major General H. W. Blakeley** commanded the 4th Infantry Division during the latter part of the European campaign. . . . **Beverley Bowie,** now on the staff of *Pathfinder,* wrote *Operation Bughouse,* a satire on the O.S.S. . . . Cover by **Danska;** map by **B. Starworth.**

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The Reporter
A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

May 15, 1951 Volume 4, No. 10

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Editorial

Substitute for Victory

Among the millions of Americans who saw and heard General MacArthur deliver his speech to Congress, some, perhaps, were unmoved. This writer was not one of these, and doesn't think he owes himself or anybody else an apology. Only too seldom are we linked with countless other men and women by the same emotion at the same time. Soon enough the moment comes when we revert to the familiar aloofness of our habits and beliefs.

What made that day memorable was something even more important than the speech or the general. The speech, when read, appears to be what it is—the rather incoherent words of a song that, thanks to the exceptional setting and the superb performance, sounded like unforgettable music. The general is what he is, a man of self-conscious, self-controlled greatness that doesn't always make him right or wise. What made that day truly memorable was the surge of popular passion. Let no one delude himself that this passion was only a freakish or ephemeral episode in contemporary American history. The elements are here that will make it recurrent: Every reverse we suffer in Korea will confirm the believers in MacArthur's strategy; all the men who have been stirring up the people's distrust for their government will see to it that the general's hold on the popular imagination does not fade away.

Debate or Strife?

There is no use being Pollyanna-ish and talking, as so many people have done, about how restricted the area of disagreement is between MacArthur and the Administration. What is ahead of us is more serious than the usual investigation of things past—in this case, the relations between the former Supreme Commander in the Pacific and the President. It is as if our political destiny had suddenly become fluid, as if many things that could not have been foreseen yesterday might easily happen tomorrow. This forces us to reappraise our political scene—as if, like MacArthur, we were all coming home after fourteen years.

Now the debate that was called Great, and that had been going on for over four months, appears to have been just a great rehearsal. We no longer need a Gallup Poll to tell us how the issue of war or peace has fired popular interest. Every citizen feels it in himself—and on his neck.

Before MacArthur, the debaters' arguments were enmeshed in strategic and Constitutional niceties. Congressmen were trying to decide the deployment of U.S. forces and their target priority by joint resolution. Now the advocates of civilian control have rallied around the one military leader who was most impatient of civilian control. The stage is no longer held by politicians blurting out confused strategic policies. What had to happen has happened: After the Republican leaders had tried so hard to impersonate generals and talk divisions, bazookas, and proximity fuzes, a real full-fledged general came in and took over. Moreover, this professional soldier seems to have a way with the people that professional politicians, Republican or Democratic, cannot begin to approach.

Our experiments with open diplomacy—the attempt to solve international conflicts by open covenants openly arrived at—have not been particularly successful. Now the least inhibited of all democracies has started a unique experiment in open strategy—a grandiose popular debate on how to defeat the most secretive enemy it has ever had to face. The country is divided by two different expectations of what the enemy may do, two different interpretations of his mind. We never were more security-conscious, more afraid, and rightly so, of what enemy agents in our midst can see and report. Yet just at this time the people of the United States are engaged in a gigantic public controversy on how hard to hit the enemy, where to hit him, and when.

Nobody can say now how far the strife will go, or how deep. This unique experiment in open strategy has given the enemy the power to influence, perhaps decisively, which of the two opposing groups will prevail. If the United Nations troops suffer hard reverses in Korea, the Administration's prestige will decline further. If the Korean War proves inconclusive, bitterness and tiredness will sink in deeper.

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Nothing in Mao's military plans is likely to favor the Administration.

Yet no matter how important the great debate may be in deciding the strategy of the nation, its impact on our internal politics is bound to be even greater. It will decide who will rule and how. There are people who assert the strategic priority of Europe, and people who assert the strategic priority of Asia. (Both have lately developed a tendency to hide their preference behind a preliminary recognition of the *global* character of the conflict. The declaration of globality has become as ritual in recent speeches as the abjuration of appeasement.) Actually, in the debate, the major stake is what lies between Asia and Europe, East and West—the United States.

Our Preventive War

The Administration is now paying the inevitable price for following a policy of containment. The effort to contain the enemy, rather than to go all out and annihilate him, demands a long period of extraordinary uncertainty and tension. We must check every enemy provocation, without striking at the ultimate causes that made the provocation possible and doing away with them. We won the battle for Berlin in the sense that the enemy lifted the blockade—but he kept the power to clamp down a new one at any time. We won the Greek civil war in the sense that order was restored—but the enemy can start a new war inside the borders of Greece whenever he pleases. As long as we follow a policy of containment, we can count ourselves successful when we restore the situation that existed before the enemy attacked.

Korea, the only case so far of naked military invasion, is the bloody illustration of what happens when containment turns from a policy into a strategy. General Ridgway said not long ago that it would be a "tremendous victory" for our troops to reach the 38th parallel—that completely arbitrary, unreal thing, a mark on the map. As long as we follow a policy of containment, our aims are always likely to be as immaterial, improbable, and inconclusive as the 38th parallel.

But frustration works both ways, on both sides of the battlefront. The enemy suffers far greater casualties than ours, exhausts resources far inferior to ours, and eventually gets stuck. As far as we are concerned, though we cannot achieve real or total victory, the measure of our victory is the enemy's loss.

"It is hard to realize," General Bradley said recently, "that our relatively small-scale military operations in Korea hold the key to the success or failure of our world-wide strategy." The Korean War that we did not start, that we went into at the enemy's provocation, is, in the truest sense of the term, a preventive war. This kind of preventive war puts a check on the enemy's recklessness; the elementary urge of totalitarian dictatorship—external expansion—finds its match in our own and our allies' power. The frustration of the unachieved conquest must be devastating to a tyrannical government. The moderate elation of limited victory is something that a democracy should be much better able to cope with, for it is a step toward a superb goal.

The goal is building peace in the world, stone by stone. Peace can be established only if, without losing the strength and skill to fight back the enemy, we can so restrain ourselves as to find substitutes for total war and total victory. One of our bravest soldiers, General MacArthur, came quite close to this idea when he said: "The utter destructiveness of war now blocks out this alternative. We have had our last chance . . . The problem basically is theological." Of course it is —a problem of faith. But the passage from the period of total war to that of peace is marked by extraordinarily painful forms of limited belligerency.

While General MacArthur and Senator Taft, dramatizing the obvious, express the old-fashioned intolerance for a war that does not end in definite victory, the Administration and those who stand for it have an extremely difficult task. They must show, in terms the people can appreciate, the ultimate goals and the immediate rewards that represent the substitutes for victory.

There is no sense questioning the greatness of General MacArthur. Far more important is the use that he and his friends make of that greatness. The general is likely to be as indiscriminate in choosing his followers at home as he has been in patronizing allies abroad. But now that he has carried the conflict to the people, the Administration must follow suit and make it unmistakably clear how much horror the world is being spared by this nasty limited war. The Administration has also a particular obligation toward those who are spared nothing and who suffer for all—the United Nations soldiers in Korea and the people of that country.—MAX ASCOLI

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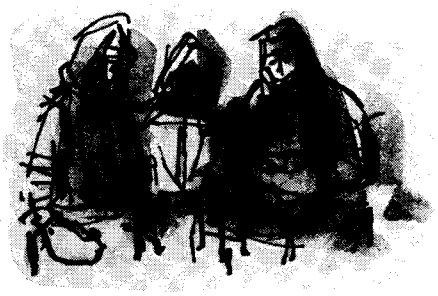
Pay-Off In Korea



In the history of the Normandy battle in June, 1944, there is one incident which, heretofore little known, may be a happy augury.

Major General Matthew Ridgway was near Ste. Mère Eglise with a beleaguered force of two paratroop battalions of his 82nd Airborne Division.

After twenty-four hours of heavy fighting and hard loss, Colonel James A. Van Fleet and his 8th Infantry Regiment, which had landed as the leading element of the 4th Infantry Division on nearby UTAH Beach, entered Ridgway's lines. Immediately confronting this garrison to the northward was a German battle group of infantry in unknown strength, supported by artillery and armor. The Americans decided that their main hope lay in an attack—a dubious prospect because of the enemy advantage in metal. It was scheduled for noon of June 7.

Meanwhile, Major General J. Lawton Collins, commander of VII Corps, had landed at UTAH, sensitive to the probability that Ridgway was in trouble, though having no exact information. Moving inland, he met a battalion of American armor. He said: "Get to Ste. Mère Eglise and do all you can." The battalion went straight to the battered village. In fact, on seeing Germans north of the town, its commander didn't even stop to report to Ridgway. By sheer coincidence, his attack northward along the right flank against the German armor hit just at the time the infantry went forward. Neither American element knew that the other was there or what it was doing, but in the end a telling victory was pulled out of the hat by a miracle of accidental co-ordination.

Seven years after this small Second World War skirmish, the same three principals, greatly raised in stature, are again carrying the play in a different theater. Their roles are mutually supporting. The success of each depends in large measure on what is done by the others.

In a situation still largely uncoordinated because of circumstances beyond the control of these three men, there is no more certainty that all will be right in the end than on the day in Normandy when Collins took a shot in the dark.

General Ridgway's three months as commander of the Eighth Army merit recognition especially because he stepped into a void and took over a battle force that morally was nearly spent. In a few months he stabilized his manpower and restored the tactical situation. When he was elevated to supreme command, he handed to Van Fleet an army which, as I saw it, had more fight in it, man for man, than any U.S. army in this century.

Ridgway's methods were not spectacular, despite the publicity given his paratroop attire and emergency grenade. They were elementary. He spent so much time getting down to the lower commands that his own staff in

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Taegu went gray trying to keep contact. Wherever he went he interested himself in the immediate tactical problem and clutched eagerly at any idea that would raise the fighting efficiency of the battle line. Invariably, his first question was: "Do you know anything that will help me?"

But the decisive quality wherein he differed from his predecessor, the late General Walton H. Walker, was that he insisted the needs of his army be met by higher commands. Walker was the simple soldier type; he felt bound to take what was given him and do what he could. Ridgway gained command of his requirements.

So the Eighth is a far better army for Ridgway's having served it. Van Fleet, who after his Normandy days commanded a division, then a corps, and later became our general best schooled in meeting guerrilla warfare by leading the mission to Greece, has found that his new army has mastered the tricks of irregular warfare. Since January, the Eighth has matured rapidly. It is a hard-boiled professional force which takes its losses in stride and finds consolation in the far greater losses of the enemy.

Yet in a sense the void confronting Van Fleet is not less than that into which Ridgway stepped, though differing in nature. The Eighth Army at the turn of the year was suffering an eclipse of morale, the great question being whether the fighting powers of its individuals could ever be restored to normal. What besets Van Fleet is a vacuum in tactical opportunity.

Throughout its successful winter battle the Eighth Army remained perforce overextended. There were glaring holes in the line; its right (east) flank could always have been turned by a concerted pressure. Still it went forward, accepting a calculated risk. Inevitably in any such movement, if the enemy does not disintegrate but continues his build-up, there comes a time when the stretching of supply lines makes further offensive risk unacceptable.

Van Fleet is probably in that position today. Ridgway hinted as much in early April when he told his Army that if it drove beyond the 38th parallel, it would have won a signal victory—words which were promptly muffled by General MacArthur.

The season of heavy floods is due late this month. Weather unfavorable to air operations will accompany it. Eighth Army supply is already pinched by an acute shortage of motor transport in the forward zone, caused partly by deficiencies in maintenance. It is curious that our overmotorized nation is now undermotorized at the decisive end of the line.

Engineering-wise, the present state of the forward zone is precarious because of a general shortage of bridge- and roadbuilding services. We might have raised and trained a Korean force to do this, but we didn't. Fords, narrow defiles, and half-built by-passes are everywhere. No road supporting the front is in truly serviceable condition. In these circumstances, it would be a foolhardy commander who would think of another excursion to the Yalu River as a risk with any calculation behind it at all. The alternatives are a painfully slow crawl forward as consolidation of the rear permits, or a halt in place on a line embodying naturally strong ground, and fortifying of positions in depth with an eye to making an enemy offensive prohibitively costly.

But can the fighting powers of an army be indefinitely conserved under these seemingly indecisive conditions? Generals tend to doubt it. Ridgway doubted it in January, and therefore mounted a limited offensive to restore his army's confidence. Can such tactics prevail in the long run if the enemy proves coy, resorts to heavy probing actions, and awaits what comes while continuing his build-up? Will the American people, who love to ride with a winner, react badly to a prolonged stalemate? Can the Administration take it, knowing that in consequence of MacArthur's relief any appearance of stagnation in Korea might prove politically embarrassing?

These unanswerable questions point up Van Fleet's dilemma. He can hardly go forward. He dare not lose a major battle. But there is no promise that he can prevail by standing still.

Even so, this is not exclusively the operational headache of a field commander. For once tactics, strategy, and world policy compose a single riddle. Van Fleet's quandary is identical with that of the Administration, and indeed of the nation. Ridgway was caught between the horns of the same dilemma when he found it impossible to define for the benefit of his troops the military object of the campaign. In that respect, Van Fleet takes over at the same point.

Finding the dilemma intolerable, General MacArthur sought to increase the circumference of the problem. For that he was relieved. Even if his formula contained some possibilities of a solution, not many military thinkers would agree that a successful outcome was foreordained. His message to Congress could hardly have relieved this skepticism. He proposed a course which could not be sustained without far heavier commitments by the United States. By inference, he indicated that Russia would not intervene, though

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that is beyond his personal guarantee.

What is clearly seen by those who are trying to keep their thoughts straight amid a partisan babel is that in the inherent nature of the problem there is no pat solution. The object is undefinable more because the fog is real than because men are blind.

Korea is still a police action, aimed at checking a specific aggression and warning other would-be aggressors. It is not a war waged to overthrow the Mao régime. The nations now opposing China in Korea do not have a present power reserve sufficient to any such undertaking. The U.N. could not move that way without risking a fatal cleavage and altering its character.

These strictures do not apply to the proposal that bases and lines in Manchuria be bombed. It cuts against the grain to yield an enemy freedom of movement in his marshaling area where one possesses weapons that would stop it. Many voices are raised against this "folly." U.N. forces could bomb certain targets in Manchuria without violence, moral or legal, to the object being served in Korea; to think otherwise is unconscionable hairsplitting. Furthermore, the ire of the Chinese is already aroused; shifting the bomb line a few leagues westward could hardly loose a tide of fresh hate.

But there are possible gambits on both sides of the board. Toward what object China has been husbanding a formidable air reserve is still unknown. We might begin bombing in Manchuria on a limited scale, hitting rail lines, depots, and other strictly military targets only to witness prompt and total retaliation by Communist airpower against the line of the Eighth Army, which is none too well braced to sustain the shock. The air-traffic stop-light at the Yalu crossing seems an unbearable handicap, but it has been working somewhat in both directions. It is easy to say: "Knock them out in one great blow, and they will be finished." Such dismissals of war's great complexities are invariably accompanied by a foggily optimistic appreciation of enemy capabilities. Fortunately this is not shared by our better intelligence officers.

Therefore operations continue according to a pedestrian, unimaginative, and possibly overly hopeful pattern. The fighter up front doesn't like what he sees; those behind him who determine his fate, knowing his distress, feel agonized because they can't offer him anything better.

The statesman's only present prescription for a satisfactory ending to hostilities is about as follows: The Eighth Army will be maintained in a superior tactical position; the Chinese will continue their ineffective showing of the past three months; repeated defeat will chill them, and also their Russian friends, against expanding the area of the war; at last the Chinese will weary of feeding bodies into the meat grinder; out of this limited tactical victory will come a sound political conclusion.

The anomaly in all of this is that for once the horizons of statesmanship are no broader than what a machine-gunner sees in front of his nose. In any conflict, after the fighting starts, negotiation is more or less hostage to firepower, but never has the fact been made so embarrassingly obvious. No other magic is offered than that of grim holding on and hoping for the best. Every premature peace bid is taken as a sign of weakness; every attempt to inspirit our allies to a common level of resolve only creates further friction among them. There remains only the diplomacy of the bullet. Strategy suggests little but the taking of the next hill.

To say that these things rest more heavily on the fighter than his weighty pack is to express it mildly. An Illinois Congressman has pointed with alarm because two G.I.'s in Korea, writing to their home-town newspapers, said they'd like to know what the war is about. To his mind, this suggested that they were Communists. Had he visited the combat line in Korea, he might have returned a wiser man. All along that front, men raise the question: "Why don't they tell us what the job is?" Certainly they know all about the U.N. cause, the Russian threat, and the need to halt aggression. But they don't see any terminal point for their own undertaking, and for lack of a vision of what would constitute victory, they find it hard to envisage any possible good in what lies beyond. Hence my thought at the beginning that the high command needs another dividend from fortune like that at Ste. Mère Eglise. It is devilish hard to keep an army resolute when men are mystified about the military object. The suspense gnaws at morale. Nothing more clearly attests the quality of our forces in Korea than that they have thus far carried this abnormal handicap.

The tide of criticism on the home front swells largely around the same point. By the unthinking, or by those

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who would use the crisis for their own ends, the condition is taken as positive proof of official muddling. Many well-meaning individuals are heard to remark: "Our fighting men must have a blueprint showing how and when the war will be won."

I submit that the anomaly arises not from stupidity in high places but from the nature of an unprecedented situation in which, with whatever mobilized force we have, we are trying to halt aggression, at the same time achieving a localized victory without precipitating a world war. Korea is not comparable with Greece because we did not commit troops to Greece, nor did our U.N. allies.

If this is a correct estimate of the basic cause of our confusion, rather than an excuse for erring soldiers and statesmen, it still doesn't brighten the prospect. Until the fire ceases in Korea and some kind of decision is at hand, there is nothing better, or at least more honest, that can be said to troops than: "We will fight until we have won that which assures a living chance for Korean independence."

This should imply that the nation and U.N., if confused about how to carry on the war, are at least clear on plans and programs assuring that constructive good—victory in its real sense—will come of a costly struggle. The present balancing of world fate on a slender tactical hope may be unavoidable, but this makes it even more imperative to look beyond the smoke of battle to those objects for which the fight is being waged. However, on this score the findings can be listed in one word: Nothing. There is no present foundation for the building of a solid peace in Korea; there is no group of architects working on the broad design; there are only various committees of experts and analysts, tugging at this and writing papers about that, and in general centering their aim and energy on tangential matters.

More attention is given the study of how Communists think and how they have been propagandized in Asia than to the question of how millions of Koreans will be enabled to live with their habitations ruined and their commerce destroyed. In the most moving passage of his address to Congress, General MacArthur reminded us: "Of the nations of the world, Korea alone, up to now, is the sole one which has risked its all against Communism." But the greatness of the debt is not acknowledged by the debtors.

Perhaps this is no one's fault in particular. It is not Tokyo's child or Washington's, nor does the U.N. claim it. The problem falls between numerous stools of responsibility. The decision-making process has become so subdivided that no one man or bureau can be charged finally with failure, and none will shoulder the full load requisite to success.

Going into Germany in 1945, we initiated many shortsighted policies because of inadequately co-ordinated pre-victory planning. Because of the natural wealth and vigor of the German civilization, our mistakes did not strangle recovery. But there is no cushion in Korea. The nation has always been wretchedly poor. It will not rise again of its own vitality.

One solid piece of countryside remains—the quadrangle with Taegu at its northwest corner, which was defended by the Eighth Army during the stand on the Naktong line. The buildings are still intact. The towns bulge with millions of refugees, who have consumed most of the goods that would normally be available.

The story is worse elsewhere. In January, Eighth Army troops falling back through Yongdongpo saw a city whose stores and markets were still busy, and whose homes were alive with people. Returning to it in mid-February, they saw a litter of ashes and rubble, with a few crones and orphans moving about among the ruins. Parts of it had been laid waste by our bombers and artillery. What remained had been vandalized by the Chinese.

Seoul is in a similar condition. Four times the tide of fire has ripped through it. Walls still stand, but the goods and tools by which men live are largely gone. The desolation deepens the farther one moves north. Villages have been blotted out even in remote mountain areas because the enemy used them to conceal his troops. The ports and industrial cities, once flattened, have been pounded again and again to interdict enemy forces. Walls are down, machinery destroyed, homes incinerated. The planing mills and brick kilns from which building might start anew are gone with the rest. Mines have been bombed because Chinese units hid in them. Hydroelectric plants lie in ruins because they chanced to lie athwart the main line of operations. Clusters of farmhouses have been put to the torch to illuminate the battlefield. The reserve of rice straw—staple of the country, used for many purposes—has been consumed in making armies more comfortable and in providing dry sitings for vehicles and guns. And the terror that turned Korea into a nation of refugees has kept men and women off the land.

In our time, we have seen these things happen to other states—far too many of them. Then we have witnessed their phoenixlike recovery. Perhaps because of this experience, it is felt that, willy-nilly, Korean recovery will run the usual course. We overlook the point the Korean nationalist

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likes least to remember: What was most solid, enduring, and productive in the modern works of his country before the war began had been built by the Japanese—for the benefit of the Empire, true enough, but with Japanese money and technical skill behind it.

But the saying has it that beggars can't be choosers. No new enterpriser would feel much encouraged to volunteer for Japan's old role after a full survey of the problem. This is a poor land by nature, despite its modern façade of partial industrialization. It is a rice civilization. Much of the land isn't suited to anything else, and the subsistence base is weak not only because of the poverty of the soil but also the lack of arable spaces. Most of Korea is hill and mountain, and nothing worth while comes from the barren slopes except water to nurse the rice paddies. There are no heavily timbered areas, yet Korea is even more dependent on wood than we are on steel.

As for the people, like a singed cat, they're better than they look. Dour in manner and not outwardly courteous and receptive as are so many in the Orient, they have an inner emotional stability, a physical hardness and a courage matched by few people on earth. Except for their character as revealed under the terrible pressures of this war, there is nothing hopeful about the Korean future.

Much—far too much—has been made of how many Koreans, especially in the North, swallowed Communism hook, line, and sinker. This judgment has been based on the fanatic courage with which some North Koreans fought, the intransigence of their government, and the endless output of its propaganda machine.

Less has been said on the other side. For example, when Hamhung was evacuated by X Corps in its "amphibious landing in reverse," half of North Korea would have embarked with it had there been enough ships. During the fight, the civil population had been of tremendous help to our forces, many North Koreans taking great risks to succor Americans and to show our forces how to get at the Chinese. In the stockades, interrogation of prisoners has shown that among the majority Communist indoctrination was skin deep. Among the guerrilla bands that have harassed the Eighth Army rear, about forty per cent were not fanatical Reds but common bandits and ne'er-do-wells, such as in any nation would take advantage of an absence of law and order. This is by an official check which is as reliable as any Gallup Poll of an armed mob is likely to be. I do not vouch for the finding, but we have based policy at times on papers of less authenticity.

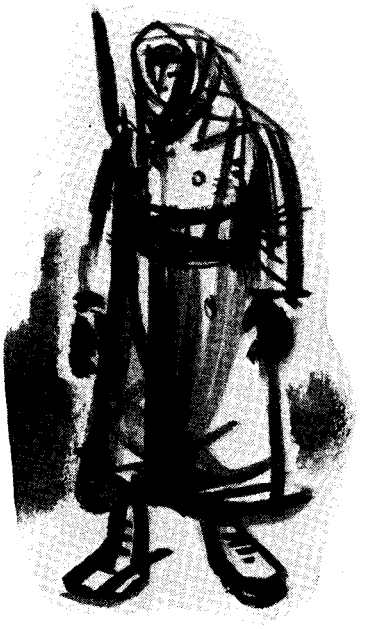
The people on our side can be evaluated more objectively. If given a fair fighting chance, the average ROK is a good soldier. Many of our higher commanders would dispute the point; they base their opinions on partial reports rather than on study of the individual man. The consensus among our infantrymen is about this: "We have seen good ROKs and bad, but usually those who can't take it under pressure don't understand the situation and don't know what we are trying to do; they crumple because there is no way to communicate."

On the other hand, the ROK Army is not a dependable force, and we are not now building it to a level of dependability. President Rhee harms only himself when he exaggerates the effectiveness of the Republic's armed forces and says flatly that they will be sufficient to safeguard the Korean future. The ROK Army has about two reasonably sound divisions. The rest, for the most part, are just blobs on the map consisting of a thin and unsupported rifle line. They do not have organic artillery or other heavy weapons. We have not taken the initial steps to supply and train them so that they would be made adequate for the present battle and prepared for the time when they could stand alone. When, during the panic of last winter, Rhee threw a dragnet over the towns and villages and pulled in thousands of additional men only to discover that he had nothing with which to equip them, he could have excused himself by saying that he was no more shortsighted than our policy had been.

Any solid program of Korean reconstruction must begin with a material strengthening of the Korean Army and an overhaul of its training system—now.

But an augmented military program is only an earnest of the total requirement. Unaccompanied by long-term economic planning and assistance designed by the family of nations to provide the Korean people with a living chance for the future, the modernizing of their army would protect nothing, save nothing, make no point.

In 1941 we went to war to defeat fascism's tyranny. In 1947 we came to see belatedly that military victory had but created the setting in which freedom could be saved. And so we spent, to revitalize free Europe, far more billions than would have been needed had our planning begun five years earlier. Later still, we added the military pro-



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gram, again at needlessly high cost because our vision had been short.

In Korea, the time and the team are right for proving that we can attain wisdom through error. Arnold Bennett may have spoken truly in saying that a good cause must be taken like champagne, since one must be prepared to suffer for it. But every dollar poured into the modernizing and stiffening of the ROK Army now will save ten later.

Van Fleet was the engineer of Greece's reconstruction. Ridgway has not only gotten closer to the heart of Korea's own problem than MacArthur ever did, but is by experience one of our most skilled hands at dealing with other peoples. Collins—a man of great imagination—will give his lieutenants full support.

But before these three can take a first stride toward saving Korea from a postwar eclipse, our government will have to make up its mind that Korea, if worth fighting over, is also worthy of salvation. Bullets without bread, formulas without fertilizer, pacts without production can no more preserve freedom in Korea than in Europe. Just before the boom fell last June, we were hell-bent on withdrawal. The last appropriation had just squeaked through Congress. Of our military support, nothing but the rump remained. It was said then, and has been repeated many times since, that Korea is a dead end for American policy and strategy. A relative truth, perhaps, but policy should be inseparable from morality in the kind of world we are attempting to build. If we are prepared to drop the subject at that point, in the wake of the war's ruin we may also discover that Korea is a dead end for the collective conscience of ourselves and the United Nations.

Cutting the clean furrow, we should be entitled to our own terms. The Republic's government must begin to take a somewhat more mature view of its future relations with Japan. In the Roman ride we are taking in the Far East, we cannot afford to have two horses running in opposite directions.

Nor can we afford longer to delay our own decision as to whether Korea is for us an interlude or a full-length commitment. Until now, we have been thinking mainly about Getaway Day. If we continue thus, we shall inevitably come up with the wrong answer.

—S. L. A. MARSHALL

The Doctrine Of Cease-Fire

The relief of General MacArthur has attracted proper attention; no other executive decision of recent years—except perhaps the original decision to stand in Korea—has had more importance, and none has been taken in a more striking setting of men and feelings. Yet the very drama of the President's decision may obscure its meaning, which goes far beyond the individuals and domestic politics of the case.

The persons of the story were, of course, much of the first excitement. This is an extraordinary end—if it is the end—of a magniloquent and often magnificent career, and the manner of the end is somehow suggestive of the central weakness of the recent MacArthur. His bad guess as to how much Mr. Truman would take recalls his earlier belief that he could outface the Chinese Reds. *Hubris* is natural in aging greatness, but it is intolerable in the generals of limited war, and of course MacArthur's speech to Congress made it wholly clear that he does not believe in limited war. The glory of MacArthur's life remains, and only the general himself can tarnish it now. As for Mr. Truman, he showed once again that on the great issues he can be trusted for an uncommon display of common courage. The danger comes only when he fails to see the issues straight, and this was not such a case.

The exchange of compliments set off in the political arena here at home will probably continue, in one form or another, until November, 1952. One party or the other will probably gain from the President's action, but only events can tell which, and it will be wrong to judge by early gains and losses. The relief of McClellan was not popular in 1862, but in 1864 it was Grant and Sherman, not Lincoln or McClellan, who settled the election.

More interesting, and necessarily somewhat speculative, is the question as to what the Kremlin thinks about it. Simple logic and Wherrian rhetoric have it that since MacArthur hated Mao and Stalin, they must be glad to see him go. This we may doubt. It seems much more likely that the Kremlin found MacArthur helpful, and valued him highly—on four counts. First, he was a perfect foil for Stalin's pet technique of massive counter-offensive; second, he was a splendidly polished and highly visible apple of allied discord; third, he was a powerful exponent of the dangerous doctrine of "Asia first"; and finally, he was a real live "war-monger." Before Congress he took much time to reject this appellation and depict himself as a man of peace, and we must believe that he believes himself. Still it is true that he will always be, as Theodore Roosevelt always was, a man most happy in the glamour of battle. This visceral belief in martial virtue has its great place (MacArthur himself, T.R., and George Patton are proofs), but when it is unalloyed, untempered, and undisciplined, it serves to make the label "war-monger" a dangerously fitting one. The Kremlin must be sorry to see MacArthur go.

But even this probable Russian reaction is not the most important matter. Psychologically, and in terms of domestic politics, it is agreeable to do whatever the Kremlin does not want done, but this sort of calculation is a rough and unbecoming guide to American policy. The relief of MacArthur therefore takes its major meaning in the larger area where such policy properly is framed. What does it mean for the great coalition of non-Stalinists? What does it mean for friends and doubtful friends? What does it mean, finally, for

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the continuing struggle in Korea? Beside these larger questions the personal drama shrinks, and the discomfiture of the Kremlin is only a side-bet won.

As we move into these larger areas, it is still true that the easy answers are wrong. Some foreign appeasers wanted MacArthur fired, we are told—and it is true; therefore, we are told, this is a victory for appeasement. This conclusion does not follow, and in fact is the reverse of the truth. The divisions within the non-Communist world are not that simple. Our world is not composed simply of appeasers and provocators—of Kingsley Martins and MacArthurs. Non-Stalinist opinion runs a long spectrum, and as so often happens, the extremes nourish each other. The wild men and the woolly ones thrive on each other's folly. To relieve MacArthur, therefore, is to put a damper on Kingsley Martin; he may rejoice at the news, but his position is weakened. Even within the area of reasonable debate, moreover, it is not the advocates of softness who gain by this move; the departure of MacArthur enormously strengthens the American government in its generally firm opposition to easy bargains with the Chinese Reds. In this sense only, it is correct to say that this was a victory for Acheson.

While MacArthur was in proconsular and insubordinate command, there was both ground and excuse for the critical tone of much British and Commonwealth comment. With MacArthur relieved, the American government can point to its own political courage and fairly ask of others that they show an equivalent energy for the common cause, even against the home current. This point applies to our friends in Britain, in Canada, and also in India; the interplay of mutually helpful political courage is the essence of successful coalition.

It can now be made wholly plain that not MacArthur only, but the American government, backed by the overwhelming majority of Americans, is unwilling to pay ransom to aggressors. Without necessarily accepting MacArthur's assertion that Formosa is a vital link in our Pacific defenses (a view that is *not* unanimously held by military men), Washington can now stick much more firmly and unequivocally to its general view that Formosa and the Chinese seat at Lake Success must not be used to buy off the peace-breakers in Korea. We may and should recognize that there is much to be said for the caution and temporizing of those who are still without direct defense against Soviet land power in Europe, but the departure of General MacArthur allows Americans to expect a new and warmer recognition of their own position. In particular, it is fair now to suggest that British Foreign Secretary Herbert Morrison should avoid such unhelpful plays as the proposal that Red China should sit in on the Japanese peace treaty.

Within the United Nations, the American position is obviously strengthened; the first dispatches from Lake Success, indeed, seemed to indicate that American prestige had reached the highest point since San Francisco. This is clear gain, unless we are to accept Senator Taft's huffy assertion that the U.N. has failed.

The President's decision has specific value in the central problem of Korea. First, it ends the serious question as to whose war it was, MacArthur's against Communism or the U.N.'s against aggression. While this question remained unsettled, it was understandable that non-American reinforcements should be skimpy and non-American enthusiasm low, and equally natural that many Americans should grow resentful as American troops carried the overwhelming weight of the common burden. Obviously it is not likely that our friends can or should now match our contribution man for man or even by proportion to population or wealth, but it is now possible to ask and expect a renewed energy in supporting the contest. At the same time there should be renewed enthusiasm for its clarified purpose, which is to repel aggression and find a new hope for Korea.

And so we come to the hardest problem of all—the key conundrum: What

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way out in Korea? We want a free and peaceful Korea; we do not want war with China. So far, so good—but we must recognize at once that the Kremlin wants to prevent the first and probably wants to bring about the second; in this double game Stalin and Company still have unplayed cards. Against this opposition, and the closely related but not identical hostility of Mao, have we the ability to hold somewhere near the 38th parallel? Is there any satisfactory way to get a cease-fire at some such point, so that we can go ahead and make the grass grow greener on our side of the fence?

There is no certain answer to these questions; clearly the relief of MacArthur does not answer them. Indeed we may question whether policy at these margins of our strength can ever be very sharp or clear in advance of the determining events; to some degree, obviously, the battle is the pay-off—it was so in Greece and in Berlin and in the Chinese civil war, and in each case the battle had its special rules for both sides; it will be so in Korea, probably.

Yet even here, where the fog of battle is pretty thick, the dismissal of General MacArthur should be helpful. To the degree that it clarifies the common task and removes a widely held fear, it should increase our military capability. Even bombing beyond the Yalu may become a proper and desirable move if it be for the U.N. and not for MacArthur's crusade. Generals Matthew Ridgway and James Van Fleet, as servants of civil authority, can probably fight to wider limits for the very reason that all will understand that these limits will be set by the men who fired MacArthur. And on the other hand, if diplomacy is working toward a cease-fire, the tone and temper of battle can now be governed, in reasonable measure, by the course of policy. It thus becomes possible to operate with that harmonious co-ordination of power and policy which is essential to success in our great effort to block the Kremlin without general war.

This second point is of special importance because a cease-fire should now be our central goal. The one certain disadvantage of MacArthur's dismissal (aside from the loss of his great name in Japan) is that it necessarily

increases the pressure upon the Administration to come up with an answer, and the one absolutely fixed requirement for a satisfactory answer is an end to the killing and wounding of Americans—in other words, a cease-fire.

Now clearly there is no salvation for politics or policy in a cease-fire accompanied by damaging concessions, and for this reason Washington cannot and will not make "peace at any price." Nevertheless the national pressure for and end to the stalemate is bound to grow.

What *can* be done? The question remains, insistently, and at this writing there is no satisfactory answer from Washington. Yet here, perhaps, the simple answer is for once the right one. Let us seek a cease-fire, and proclaim our search. Let it be clearly stated that we are ready, at any time, for a simple, unconditional, undebated, out-and-out end to the shooting, the air raids, the *war* in Korea. We can afford to stop shooting and begin talking. Let us say so and keep on saying so—first because we mean it, and second because no single move can make it plainer that it is the Communists, not we, who are responsible for the continued fighting. We need not and should not be dragged into any discussion of conditions or concessions; we can stand simply and entirely on the doctrine of armistice.

It seems strange that it should take a paragraph to describe an idea so simple; this is the measure of the confusion wrought by present tensions in our thinking about war and peace. What is peace but lack of conflict—and at this stage what better path have we toward peace than an agreement to stop fighting? Armistice is not total peace, but it is a long step from Armageddon. The armies would remain, for the most part—the vacuum of last June must not be re-created; the suspicion, fears, and military readiness of both sides would remain. But the killing would be ended, and time would be gained; tempers might cool; each side's situations of strength could be recognized, and we might be on the road already traveled in Berlin and Greece; we would not have all we once hoped for, but we would have enough and to spare—both for policy and for politics.

It will be noted that this sort of purely military cease-fire is what General MacArthur offered on his own initiative in March, stealing the core of his proposal from a secret Washington draft and setting it in a characteristic collection of conditions and threats. In this unsightly setting, the proposal was not helpful. Yet a jewel is not really to be judged by its setting, and it is right that the United States should now stand squarely for a cease-fire. This one-point program can be given fit surroundings if it can become the program of all non-Stalinist nations.

The relief of General MacArthur makes it overwhelmingly probable that a lead from Washington can win this sort of backing, genuine, eager, and continuing. This is the path now opened by Truman and Marshall to Truman and Acheson.

—McGeorge Bundy

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Syngman Rhee And the Korean Assembly

PUSAN, KOREA

There are two buildings here in Pusan, the temporary capital of Korea, that dramatize the whole dismal story of what is wrong with the government of Korea today. The first is a decrepit Bowery-style movie house, rotting away beside a muddy street, where the members of the National Assembly sit through their sessions uncomfortably on old wooden benches. The second is a well-built, dignified residence, surrounded by terraced gardens, in which President Syngman Rhee lives.

Pusan in peacetime

Syngman Rhee is definitely the boss in Korea, and the tumble-down theater that has been turned over to the Assembly is entirely in keeping with the low opinion of the country's legislators that Rhee and his government colleagues have time and again revealed.

Recent Cabinet changes made by Mr. Rhee, notably the excellent appointment of John M. Chang as Prime Minister, seem to have reassured people outside of Korea that the President is taking steps to remove the "police-state" label that his régime has worn. Actually, the man whom Rhee wanted as Prime Minister was Shim Sun Mo, his Defense Minister. Shim has been described by Rhee's own supporters as the most hated man in the country, and yet Rhee repeatedly nominated him for Prime Minister, the only Cabinet appointment that must be approved by the Assembly. The legislators, in overwhelming majority, not only refused to oblige the President but also voted secretly to recommend Shim's disbarment from any Cabinet post. The Assembly's resolution was ignored by the President, who still retains the unpopular Defense Minister in his Cabinet. According to reliable informants, the President finally agreed to accept Chang as his Prime Minister only after the United States had brought heavy pressure to bear. The post had been vacant for over a year.

In a country that is sixty to seventy per cent illiterate, with perhaps eighty per cent of its homes, schools, factories and other buildings flattened by the seesaw war, with two and a half million or more of its people on the terrible refugee trail, with more than eighty per cent of its budget going directly into war expenditures, and, to top it all, with incredible incompetence and

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Dr. Syngman Rhee

wide-open graft crippling life on all levels, it is all too easy for a disgusted outsider to describe Syngman Rhee, who is undoubtedly a strong, efficient, and determined leader, as either all devil or all saint.

To get to the people themselves and sound out their views is a difficult job in Korea these days, and a determined effort to do so calls for cloak-and-dagger techniques. To be anti-Rhee today in Korea is to be immediately branded a Communist. Even to be non-Rhee involves considerable risk. Assemblymen will talk frankly only behind closed doors and after being assured that their names will not be revealed. Tradespeople and editors will sometimes talk frankly, but always "Somewhere else," in a secluded tea room or an out-of-the-way wine house.

Rhee continues to be a very famous man in Korea. One of the most difficult things to understand about this enigmatic leader is that by both public acclaim and by moral conviction he is a champion of democracy. When I visited him in his home recently, Rhee talked eloquently about democracy, so eloquently, in fact, that I could not help wondering momentarily whether the seventy-six-year-old statesman might, without even knowing it, be serving out his last years as a front for a powerful clique of army and police officers. This impression is heightened by the constant, hawklike watch maintained over him by his Viennese wife Francesca (some Koreans believe that she is the real power behind her husband) and by the careful briefing Rhee's aides give to interviewers on precisely what part of the President's views they may not quote. ("You understand, of course. The President sometimes speaks much too frankly.")

But Rhee is nobody's dupe. The day I spoke with him he showed many signs of his advanced years, but he left me with the impression that in every sense of the word he is still the boss. His wife's alleged influence can probably be explained by the fact that she is sincerely, almost pathologically, concerned with his health and consequently intercedes constantly in his official activities, weeding out interviewers and refusing messages, doing everything, in short, to preserve the President's strength. The President is said to ignore the advice she gives him at least as often as he heeds it.

To understand Rhee, it is necessary to keep in mind that Korea, to him, is his own child. He is convinced that no one knows better than he what is good for his country. And right now, when he is afraid that his dream for a united Korea may be shattered by peace negotiations or by what he would consider an untimely end to the war with the Communists, he is determined to lay down the law for Korea's own good as he sees it.

Shim Sun Mo

Those who support Rhee say that he has a good case. They point—and with some accuracy—to an Assembly that does not yet fully understand its own responsibilities and power. This is Korea's first full Assembly, and it is only a year old. Thirty of the representatives originally elected have either been captured by the Communists or have gone over to them; seven have lost their lives in the war; and one hundred seats, reserved for North Korean representation if, as, and when unification is realized, have never been occupied at all. Total seats occupied: 173. Total seats empty: 137.

Most of the representatives, seventy per cent of whom were elected on an "independent" or non-Rhee basis, have little or no knowledge of parliamentary procedure. They reflect only too well the thinking of their uneducated constituents. They spend a great deal of their time drafting silly queries to the government and they are usually satisfied with the silly replies they get back.

There are four parties in the Chamber, but except for the Democratic Nationalists, who are landlords and industrialists, none of the parties represents much of anything. They seem to have been formed out of a vague sense that representatives in an assembly should be identified with political parties simply because it is done that way in other countries.

Government employees are grossly incompetent, and the President finds himself obliged to handle many trifling details. But for this he himself is greatly to blame; he does not trust very many people, and this distrust has created a buck-passing atmosphere in which nobody will take real responsibility. It should be pointed out, of course, that the Koreans, who have for so many years been told precisely what to do and how to do it by the Japanese, have had little experience at taking real responsibility.

For all its ineptness and all its clum-

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siness, the Assembly is more and more frequently demonstrating that Korea is getting fed up with Presidential ukases and wants to practice some of the democracy that Rhee preaches about. But the Assembly is being cautious. Its members have had an opportunity to see what happens to those who are not.

The constitution specifically protects assemblymen from arrest without assembly approval on the Chamber floor, but that did not stop Rhee's Minister of Home Affairs—Chough Byong, chief of the country's police and a strong supporter of Rhee—from seizing one of the legislators during debate last October and throwing him in jail on the vague charge of being "sympathetic toward leftists." He has since been released, in ill health, and he must now stand trial because he became a member of the Lawyers' Guild when that organization was established during the régime of the United States Military Government. In the meantime the Assembly, which, according to one assemblyman, is "uneasy about this arbitrary police action," has approved a formal resolution calling for the dismissal of Chough Byong. Once again Rhee has ignored the Assembly's action.

There are other issues dividing the Assembly and the President. The Assembly wants to have local government established through popular elections, but the President says that the time is not yet ripe. The Assembly wants the farmers to pay their taxes in currency, the same way other Koreans pay theirs, but the President insists on a discriminatory policy of collecting farmers' taxes in crops. Many in the Assembly (except, of course, the landlord bloc) want the land-reform laws now on the statute books to be enforced as a demonstration to the farmers that they have nothing to gain from Communist promises of land redistribution, but Rhee has done little to break down the opposition of landowners and other short-sighted reactionary interests.

Balancing this record of failure, the legislators have won some encouraging victories. The Chang appointment was one, and another recent success was the Assembly's insistence that the Defense Minister start releasing some of the unclothed, hungry, and miserable

John M. Chang

250,000 men who had been rounded up into camps for future induction into the army. The army has been told to release them until proper facilities are available.

Right now, with inflation whirling Korea's economy about dangerously—the cost of living is going up eight to ten per cent every week—Rhee's Administration is adopting harsh measures to balance the books, and there is considerable grumbling in the Assembly. The government, which last year had a revenue of only 79 billion won, came up with a whopping deficit of 212 billion won; this year Rhee plans to bring in a revenue of 263 billion won, which would mean a surplus over expenditures. Much of the increased revenue will be what the government calls a "natural increase," due to the fact that all of South Korea has been retaken from the enemy and farm production can begin again throughout the entire area. But a painful proportion of the new revenue is to come from back taxes that are to be collected from the refugees who left their homes before the tax collector arrived. Many of these refugees have lost their homes and have spent all of their money to move southward. The announcement that they owe back taxes will come as a tremendous blow to these people. It has been announced that a "more efficient" system of tax collecting and of penalties for those delinquent in their payments will be instituted.

The Rhee Government has not only failed to feed, clothe, and house the Korean people; it has also failed to inspire them. Many of the young people are eager to learn and willing to serve, but it is discouraging to discover how many of them are convinced that there is no future for them in Korea under the one-man sovereignty of Syngman Rhee. Most of the young people with whom I have talked are profoundly anti-Communist. But once the doors are tightly shut, they make no bones about their almost equal dislike for Syngman Rhee. This group includes some people who are very high in the Rhee Administration.

That Administration has tried to make a political program of nothing more than anti-Communism and to rally the people around a vague ideal of "democracy." One assemblyman declared: "We are told to hate Communism. Any of us who have had experiences with the Communists don't have to be told to hate them. But to be told in effect that because Communism is so bad we must automatically like democracy is a back-handed way of getting support. We want democracy for itself . . ."

The "democracy" that the Koreans are seeing these days is hardly likely to make lasting converts of them. Syngman Rhee is doing his cause grave harm by defaulting on true democracy. —GEORGE BARRETT

Mrs. Syngman Rhee

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Africa Today: The Lifting Darkness

The darkest thing about Africa has always been our ignorance of it. For many it is still in truth *Africa nondum cognita,* as it was when Jonathan Swift claimed that

". . . Geographers, in Afric-maps,
With savage-pictures fill their gaps;
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns."

In Dean Swift's generation, ignorance of Africa was doubtless of small moment: Few people went there, fewer still came back. Today ignorance is culpable, and for a very good reason—Africa is no longer ignorant of us, nor, for that matter, of the rest of the world. Fifth-graders in the schools of the British West African Gold Coast colony know more about the American way of life than the average American college sophomore does about the Canadian; Bing Crosby and Mickey Mouse have their admirers even in the heart of the jungle; and decisions reached in the Kremlin yesterday are being discussed in the Katanga today. More important still, increasingly large numbers of African students are going each year to Europe and North America to be trained as lawyers, doctors, engineers, and politicians.

Exactly what this is doing to Africa is too vast a topic to be encompassed in a single article, but this at least is clear: Not enough Americans know much about Africa. I confess very readily that my own picture of the Gold Coast, for instance, was sadly out of keeping with the facts. Like most other people, I had been brought up to think of it as "a white man's grave" (and not exactly as a health resort for Africans either), the home of wild game and wilder tribes, having precious little significance to anybody but the people living there.

The picture was, in fact, nearly as "savage" as any conjured up by Swift's contemporaries. The facts—most of them, anyway—are quite otherwise. Today it is possible to spend a lifetime in the Gold Coast without suffering from anything worse than mild dysentery. Most Gold Coasters live better than people behind the Iron Curtain, and many of them have money in the banks (in 1948 the export of cacao brought the farmers some $80 million); there are African professors in the colleges and African judges on the supreme court, while the Legislative Assembly is nine parts African, and since February, 1951, the colony has been more nearly autonomous than any other in Africa. If Kwame Nkrumah's Convention People's ("self-government NOW") Party has its way, as it is determined to do now that it controls about half of the seats in the Assembly, the country will soon be as independent as Ethiopia or Indonesia. There is still plenty of room for improvement. The infant-mortality rate remains high; venereal disease is rampant; illiteracy, away from the towns, stands at almost ninety per cent.

While some of these conditions, good and bad, apply elsewhere, we should not conclude that Africa is the Gold Coast colony, or that it is only a question of months before all the colonies cut loose from their political moorings. The fact of the matter is that no two African colonies are alike, whether in physical make-up, economic resources, social structure, or political aspirations.

Barriers and Boundaries

This is true even of such near neighbors as Nigeria and the Gold Coast. Physically they have much in common—a humid coastal lowland, still forested in large measure, backed by higher land (rising in places to well over two thousand feet) that is drier as well as cooler and, in its northernmost reaches, takes on quasi-Saharan characteristics. From the economic standpoint there are also striking affinities between them: Cacao is a staple crop in both countries, and so are palm oil, cassava, and peanuts; both are rich in metals and other industrial minerals.

But the social picture in the two

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colonies is quite different. In the Gold Coast communal strife is practically nonexistent; tribal differences are real but seldom lead to clashes, let alone bloodshed. Nkrumah draws support for his cause in all parts of the country. In Nigeria, on the other hand, the Ibo and Yoruba of the south and the Hausa of the north are all separated socially from each other by a wider gulf than that between the Deep South and New England. The northerners are Moslem, the southerners Christian or pagan. Intermarriage is rare; they speak different languages, eat different foods, and have different customs. Needless to say, they have no great love for one another. Can these sectional differences and loyalties be overridden by a common larger loyalty? It is perhaps significant that the only thing that presently unites the "Autonomists" is their common opposition to British rule.

In East Africa, the problem of sectional loyalties is even more acute. In addition to intertribal rivalries which from time to time assume sizable proportions, there are rivalries arising from the presence of large numbers of Europeans, Indians, and Arabs, all of whom are there to stay, because the climate agrees with them much better than that of West Africa, the soils yield well, and many of them are already substantial landowners. In Kenya alone there are now almost a hundred thousand Indians, some thirty thousand Europeans, and twenty-four thousand Arabs, as well as more than five million Africans. The British government continues to believe that a *modus vivendi* acceptable to all parties can be worked out if the Europeans are liberal and realistic, if the Indians are patient and public-spirited, and if the African nationalists are level-headed and restrained.

Clearly this calls for an extraordinarily high ratio of saints to sinners. To judge from the existing incidence of both classes, it very much looks as though sectionalism will win the day. Already there is talk of home rule for the Europeans living in the Kenya highlands, and of a Mason-Dixon Line that will give the white minority the healthful uplands that run from the Sudanese border to Southern Rhodesia.

The situation in the Belgian Congo

is very different again. Unlike the British, the Belgians do not foresee the day when their colony will attain self-governing status. Now, as in the past, the government of the country is highly centralized. Its administrators are appointed, its laws made, and its taxes levied by Belgium's own exclusively European government. So far there has outwardly been very little opposition on the part of the Congolese to the way their country is run. But nobody can doubt that the coming better-educated generation will be unwilling to leave the control of their immensely rich land (and it is incontrovertibly the richest of African colonies) to some fifty thousand Europeans. In 1948, Congolese nationalists attended a National Congress in Lagos, Nigeria, for the purpose of promoting the unity and independence of all West African peoples.

The French concept of colonial government differs from both the British and the Belgian. In a single word it is "assimilation," and its aim to make the African a black Frenchman and the colonies part of "La France d'Outremer." This means that Africans are required to learn French, to study French culture, and to undertake French military service (up to three years of it). It also means that in none of the French African colonies are there any of those embryonic legislatures that characterize the British colonies. Instead, Africans are sent to the Chamber of Deputies in Paris, where, as a rule, they exercise only advisory functions. It is no reflection on the French to say that their subjects are displaying an increasing reluctance to accept the future designed for them. Rather it is an indication that the winds of nationalism know no barriers, and that the price all democracies must pay for the exercise of their democratic rights is willingness to concede the same rights to the governed.

Loyalties — and Humor

If one political generalization is possible—and the more we see of colonial Africa the less happy we feel about any generalization—it is perhaps this: Communism has so far made only very little headway in any of the territories. Admittedly, there are some Communists and fellow travelers in the larger towns and mining centers. But to stigmatize as a Communist everyone who has been heard to speak against imperialism, racism, color bars, or unrestricted private enterprise is to be as wide of the mark as to call all Republicans isolationists. Nkrumah himself was trained as a divinity student in Lincoln University, Pennsylvania, and has so far shown no sign of renouncing his Christian faith. What most of the "extremists" are interested in is self-government, and in getting it now. Many of them in the British colonies, including Nkrumah, even seem perfectly willing to stay on in the Commonwealth.

Basically, the African is too strongly imbued with the idea of tribal loyalty to make a good Communist. As yet, loyalty to party or policy means very little to him. To appeal to him as a Babali, a Buganda, or Bari is to call to mind a proud tradition; to appeal to him as an African or even as a Nigerian or Rhodesian, or to talk to a Hausa

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man of his kinship with the Fulani and the Dinka, is to waste breath.

To such people, an impersonal classless world order maintained by arms and edicts and presided over by men they will never see, let alone come to know, is just about as attractive as a world without humor. And if there is one thing more than another that characterizes the African, it is his sense of humor. Even the new urban intelligentsia find it difficult not to laugh at themselves. One of the most hilarious dinner parties I have attended in years consisted entirely, except for my hosts, of Gold Coast intellectuals whose political views ran from pale pink to bright red. The most weighty topics were discussed, including the issues at stake in the then-impending elections, but cheerfulness kept breaking through. As W. R. Crocker observes in his latest book on the subject, *Self-Government for the Colonies,* the *arrivistes* do not wear "the signs of unhappiness but the signs of freshness and joy at the opening up to them of new techniques and new fields of knowledge."

Of course the position might well change if the African's political aspirations were flouted by the holding powers, and before now some ugly situations have arisen simply because of official intransigence. The situation could also change radically either if there were to be a serious decline in

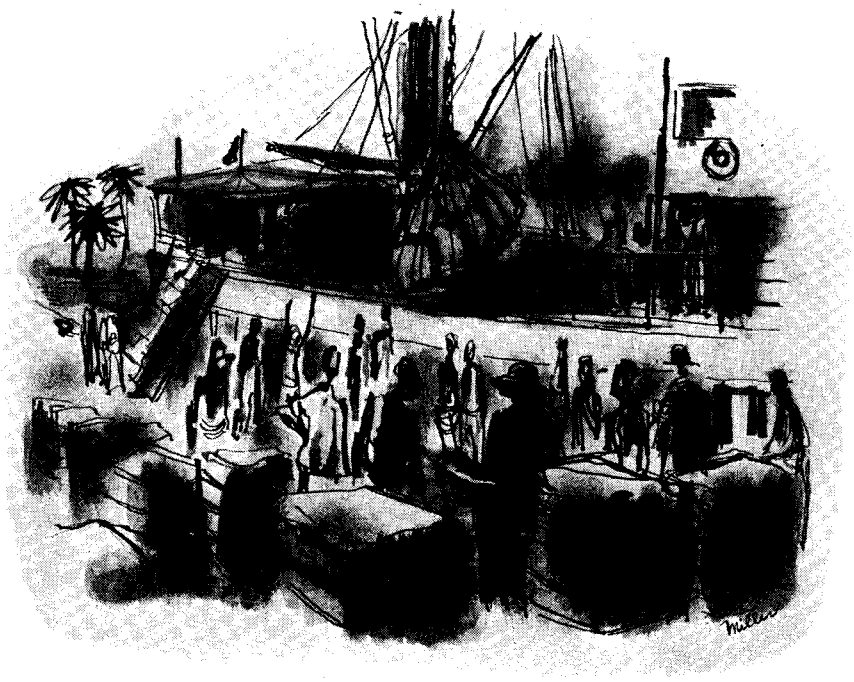
the external demand for African staples or if colonial Africa were to become increasingly industrial. In such circumstances the political climate could be transformed almost overnight. The destruction of the old tribal solidarity (already a *fait accompli* in the vicinity of such cities as Elisabethville, Lagos, and Mombasa), the sloughing off of family ties and obligations, and the resulting emptiness of urban life would leave the soul of the African bankrupt—a standing invitation to all the indwelling spirits of Communism.

The Machine Moves In

What are the chances of such economic development? At present there is hardly an African crop that is not in demand by overseas buyers, or a mineral that is not on the priority list of the stockpiling powers. Gold Coast cacao never fetched higher prices, and the same is true of Nigerian palm oil, Kenya coffee, and Uganda cotton. The uranium output of the Belgian Congo continues to expand. Gold Coast diamond output is third only to that of the Belgian Congo and South Africa, and the situation is scarcely less favorable when it comes to tin, chromium, and cobalt. The Belgian Congo and Nigeria produce between them about fifteen per cent of the world's tin; approximately one-third of the world's chromium comes from Southern Rhodesia and South Africa; and the world obtains no less than seventy-five per cent of its cobalt from the Belgian Congo and from Northern Rhodesia.

The chances of a further extension, if not an acceleration, of the recent industrialization are seemingly bright because the African peoples are determined to see their resources developed more and more for their own good, and because, international tensions being what they are, Africa bids fair to become the prime strategic prize of the whole world in time.

That the countries of colonial Africa are becoming increasingly aware of their economic heritage and are beginning to do something about it is plain even to the most casual traveler. It is practically impossible to pick up a local paper without reading of plans for new factories, new housing, hospitals, schools, and water supplies. While some of these are intended primarily for the benefit of Europeans, others are for Africans.



Nor is it merely a matter of plans. Some of the most livable houses to be found anywhere in the tropics are those occupied by the married African personnel employed by the West African Cacao Research Institute at Tafo in the Gold Coast, and the hospital facilities available to the African at Kampala would arouse the envy of many a Maine or Mississippi doctor. Even more impressive, in physical terms, are the manufacturing developments to be seen around the perimeter of all the larger towns, and some of the small ones as well.

Jinja, in southern Uganda, is perhaps as typical as any. A port (on Lake Victoria) of several thousand

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inhabitants, it is expected to treble its population in the next ten years and to be operating textile, soap, and rubber facilities, a copper smelter, and a blast furnace in addition to the existing sugar refineries and cotton gins.

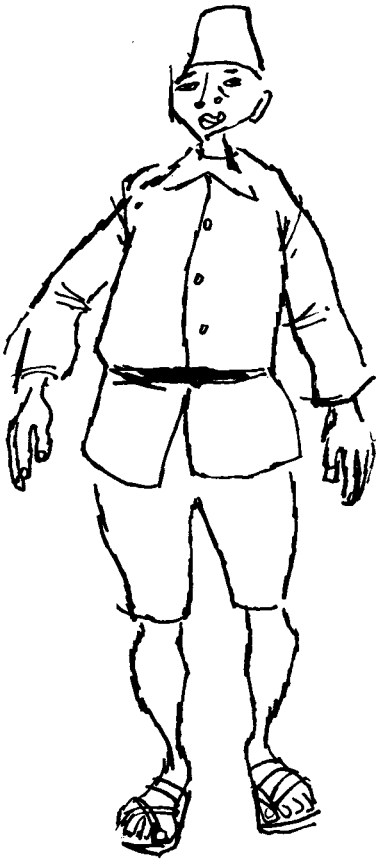
Of course, it may be objected that there is no guarantee in all this that the interests of the African will be duly safeguarded, but with the recent emergence of labor organizations in the Gold Coast and elsewhere, the danger of exploitation is distinctly lessened. The 1948 general strike organized by the Africans of Southern Rhodesia can have left the European minority in no doubt as to the determination of their fellow countrymen to serve the white man only on their own terms.

Fortress Unlimited

Evidence suggesting that Africa is headed for a larger strategic role in the world likewise continues to accumulate. True, Africa south of the Sahara is the one part of the world that is still well removed from the trouble spots. Even so, it is abundantly evident from Russia's interest in the Middle East and Italy's former colonies that the Communist leaders realize that no power or combination of powers in the Old World can be secure in this age of long-range aircraft until it has neutralized the possibility of attacks from Africa. It is equally evident that the Atlantic Treaty powers have begun to realize that an occupation of central and southern Africa by the U.S.S.R. would make their chances of eventual military success very slim, for Africa forms a stout barrier between the Americas and Southeast Asia—the two largest land areas peripheral to the Communist heartland. To concert offensive operations against this heartland from two such widely separated bases would be extremely difficult, if only because the one possible route between them would be via the broad spaces of the Pacific.

It would appear therefore that the military interest of the western powers calls for the employment and strengthening of their positions throughout tropical Africa, and this is most certainly being done, if we may judge from the recent enlargement of the British bases at and near Mombasa, the speeding up of road- and rail-building projects in the Belgian Congo, the Rhodesias, and East Africa, and the extension of airfield facilities everywhere.

Then again, with the range of heavy bombers increasing almost every month, space for "defense in depth" is becoming more and more imperative. Crowded island fortresses would be as outmoded in a third world war as bows



and arrows. Such space is no longer available in western Europe or the United Kingdom, but it is available in Africa. At the same time, it would be quite feasible to mount convergent aerial bombardments against the Russian heartland from African fields. B-36 squadrons with their reputed bomb-carrying range of more than 9,000 miles could visit Moscow and return to their bases in the tropics without refueling. Admittedly, they could also operate from the North American continent, but it should be borne in mind that Alaska faces the underdeveloped Asian side of Russia, and that unless one braves the weather over the North Polar regions the distance from Fairbanks to Moscow is greater than that from Lagos or Mombasa to Moscow.

Space to Spread Out

This space factor might eventually foster an even more important development—the decentralization of the industrial centers of western Europe and eastern North America. In Africa south of the Sahara there is no lack of sparsely peopled yet accessible territory in which war industries might be established with advantage. And there is no lack of raw materials and power supplies to feed such industries. In addition to the high-priority uranium, diamonds, tin, chromium, and cobalt, there are iron (in Liberia, Kenya, and Northern and Southern Rhodesia), copper (in Kenya, the Belgian Congo, and Northern Rhodesia), coal (in Nigeria, Tanganyika, and Southern Rhodesia), and

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water power (about one-third of the entire world potential is located within the rain-forest zone). On the organic side, there are vegetable oils, cotton, sisal, hemp, pyrethrum, and rubber, not to mention the hundred and one other trees that among them can contribute lumber, newsprint, cellulose, plastics, wood sugar and alcohol, acids, paints, lubricants, and even foodstuffs to the world's essential merchandise. The setting up of a large steel plant at Que Que in Southern Rhodesia and the development already under way at Jinja are but two of numerous indications that a new principle is at work in the localizing of strategic manufactures.

With such facts in view, it does not take a very lively imagination to envision a new day for the lands of tropical Africa. Discerning Africans have long known that such a day would come, and with it a new economic, social, and political deal. Even now they are preparing for enlarged responsibilities.

While some of the more ardent nationalists will doubtless insist on shouldering these responsibilities unaided, there is reason to believe that many more of them will welcome the continuance of European and North American assistance, provided they can be persuaded of its purity of purpose. Too often in the recent past (even since the inception of the British Colonial and Welfare Development Fund), the African has been given grounds for suspecting that he is being used, and already there is a widespread suspicion that the Point Four program is not so much altruism as a thinly veiled device to gear Africa and other regions to the war economy of America, and that any dollars gained will be used to pay the salaries of imported experts.

Surely it should not surpass the ability of the United States to dissipate these suspicions before they are fertilized by fear, and, by dint of wisely conducted information services (such as those already functioning in Accra and Léopoldville), to convince the African leaders of tomorrow that our sole concern is for their prosperity—not for their patronage, let alone their economic peonage. Only by so doing may we hope to secure their incorporation into the community of democratic nations. —GEORGE H. T. KIMBLE

Africa Yesterday: One Ruler's Burden

It is a great pity that some of our political theorists can't enjoy a short spell as dictators. Nothing is more instructive in the problems of actual government. I have always thought myself lucky to have had such a spell when I was sent, in 1917, to take over Borgu, a remote district of the British colony of Nigeria which at that time had not even a telegraph office. Letters took anything from a week to ten days, according to the state of the Niger and the morale of its ferrymen, for an answer.

I was told, therefore, by my Provincial Resident, Hamilton Brown, that I should have to act on my own in any crisis, and rely on him to back me up.

This was not an idle or conventional promise. Some months earlier there had been a rebellion in Borgu. The people had risen, murdered sixty members of their own native administration, and then rushed off to find some British magistrate and state their case.

A friend of mine, Diggle, was sent down to look into it. He found plenty of reason for grievance: extortion, stealing of women, blackmail, corrupt judgments. He turned out the worst offenders and handed over a peaceful country to me. But he warned me to keep my eyes open. "You can't get rid of corruption in these parts; you can only hope to stop it from going on the bust."

Then he went off on leave and left me with my first independent civil command, in a country of about twelve thousand square miles. My staff consisted of one clerk who could not spell (we had no typewriter); twelve police with single-shot carbines and ten rounds apiece; a Political Agent—a Hausa Negro who spoke the local languages and was supposed to be an expert on local affairs; and a couple of office messengers to sun themselves on the court veranda.

Government has been called a relationship. This is a misleading half-truth. The essence of government, the nub, is rule. That is the hard part. But it is true that to rule efficiently, a relationship has to be formed: one of confidence, or fear, or hope, often all three. And in forming such a relationship the first need is knowledge. My relationship with Hamilton Brown was one of mutual confidence based on knowledge of each other. Any other would have made my job in Borgu impossible. But in the other direction I had neither knowledge nor confidence.

William the Conqueror understood

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very well what he needed when he ordered the Domesday Book compiled. It gave him the foundations for his system. But I am pretty sure that it gave him no more. He had to rely for the really important question (not what things people have in their possession, but what those people are doing with them) on what he was told from day to day, on opinion, on reports from spies, on his own guesswork and knowledge of human nature. I am sure, too, that the success of his rule was not due so much to his system as to some method by which he did get reliable information about the working of the system, and the men who worked it. Systems, ultimately, are men.

My first immediate discovery, quite unexpected in its force, was that I could not trust anybody or anything—that is, any appearance. All information was vague, contradictory, palpably false (like the news of a shipload of Negro nationalists just arrived from the United States to drive us British into the sea), or trivial. The Wazir (Vizier) to the Emir came up every day on his official duty to give me the news and consult upon it, but the Political Agent had different news; each implied, deviously but resolutely, that the other was a liar. Each gave broad hints of the other's plots to benefit himself at the expense of a "new judge" —that is, myself.

My secret-service men, a few ragamuffins recruited by the Political Agent, either gave wild reports like that of the Negro invasion from America or told me solemnly that some chief had cursed me, which I could guess for myself and which did not matter. (As a dictator I could not pick my own men. Every action of a dictator is watched and known immediately, and if I had chosen an informer he would have been corrupted or beaten up within the same day.)

No one not placed in such a position can fully realize the sense of blindness and distrust which took possession of me in those first months of solitude in Borgu. I say "took possession" because it was at once like a foreign invader seizing on my mind, and a sort of demon. I would wake up at night and feel as if the dark itself were an immense black brain, meditating, behind its thick featureless countenance, some deep plan for a new and still more surprising outbreak.

I could not forget that the last rising had been caused by nothing but the failure of the district officer, in exactly my own position, to know what was going on under his very nose—and that officer had had much more experience than I, and besides had done nothing but his duty. It was the rule then in the Nigerian service, and has always been one of the guiding principles of British colonial policy, to preserve local law and custom as far as possible, and to do nothing that might break the continuity of the local government. Tribal chiefs and tribal councils were to be maintained, and progress made by educating chiefs, by improving their administrative machine, and by a general development of trade, roads, and public services, which (as experience shows) by itself modifies the whole situation and can (if that end is kept in view) quite quickly build up a class capable of some share in the government, on the first elementary representative committees.

But the first principle was absolute: Do not break the continuity. Do not attempt to force a constitution on the people. However good it may seem, however suitable to the place and time (and this is granting a lot), it will be hated and sabotaged. So it will serve only as a bar to all constitutional development.

My predecessor (let's call him

Smythe) had done no wrong in supporting the Emir who provoked the rising. He was, I learned, not only astonished but aggrieved when, having been sent on leave in a hurry with acute fever, he heard in England that his people, of whom he was so fond, had burst into revolution as soon as they were left to themselves. He felt that he had been badly treated by fate. I daresay every dictator feels the same in the same case. And in fact Smythe's only fault had been trustfulness and ignorance. He had simply failed to know in time how badly the native administration had been behaving and had failed to use his powers to keep the Emir in order. A political officer, though he must keep in the background, has great power over a chief. He can always warn him, either through his Wazir or at a private interview, that if he does not behave himself he will be reported to the governor or fined, or even deposed in favor of some other member of the dynasty. On the other hand, a good chief can be rewarded with a raise in pay or some special honor.

Smythe thought that he had a good Emir, a really progressive man. And so, I believe, he had. The Emir was a clever fellow who supported all Smythe's favorite schemes. He per-

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ceived that they were actually to his advantage. They cost money, and the more money there was floating about, the more he could steal. In fact, it is just the clever, the active, the really valuable chief who can be most dangerous. How was I to discover that the new Emir, a very distinguished and reserved old gentleman, who had been a slave raider in his time (he had been passed over for the succession partly because of his conservative background and was now brought in as a popular choice to restore public confidence), was not another more sedate and conservative crook?

I remembered the casual remark of an old official that in Africa, even an honest and loyal subordinate never told all the truth to a district officer, because he never knew what use would be made of it.

I realized that the man in absolute power is not only dangerous to all his subjects; he is also a mystery to them. And this, I think now, is true of all men in power. Even the foreman of a labor gang or a senior office clerk is, I suspect, so far as he has power, an uncertain quality to those below. That is to say, the uncertain element in all human relations becomes, in power relations, a source of mistrust. All subordinates say to themselves, "I'll tell the boss no more than I need to—for no one knows what he'll do with it." Everyone in authority has seen in the face of the most trusted subordinate that peculiar look of discretion which means "How much must I give away—how little will satisfy him?" And the greater the power, the more the discretion that surrounds it, even in the stooge, who seems to be within the iron curtain but in fact chooses his words so cunningly.

The way I escaped, simply by good luck, from this invisible jail that shuts off every dictator from the sense and sound of the actual world was still more illuminating. An old friend, my first commanding officer, meeting me by chance on trek and hearing of my difficulty, said that for his part he had found only one method of getting some independent news. He slept always as far as possible from his guard and staff, in a shelter or, during the dry season, alone in the bush. "Your people will never come out into the bush at night, unless they have to—they are much too afraid of ghosts, lions, hyenas, and so on. And as for you, no lion, however hungry, will ever attack a mosquito net. Lions simply don't understand such things."

I took this advice, put my bed under a tree about thirty yards from camp, and after some disappointing weeks suddenly began to have results. I was waked up about three one morning by a voice whispering out of the dark, an urgent voice full of bitterness. I don't remember what it said, whether a trivial complaint (one man talked half the night about a deer into which, he claimed, he had shot the first arrow and of which he had been cheated of the share due to the first arrow) or one of the really important ones, such as the revelation (by an aggrieved petty trader) that a certain chief had closed up fifty miles of the international frontier with Dahomey. Or more important still that my Political Agent was in league with this same chief, to get him special privileges.

But I did in fact, perhaps on a dozen occasions in any one year, get news. Much of it, of course, was false; all of it needed careful checking. But what was valuable was of a sort that I could not have gotten by any other method; and all of it was sufficiently important to some native to make him take the risk of hostile ghosts, as well as the ordinary terrors surrounding a dictator.

You may think that this plan, really that of the anonymous letter, should be beneath the dignity of government. I can only say that a man with real responsibility for other people's lives and happiness has no scruples about dignity. And I knew no other way to get the same results. I saw too that the Lion's Mouth of Venice, via which the Doges received anonymous denunciations, was not (as the books say) the wicked device of despots to keep their people in terror; it was an essential organ of their government, to preserve their own peace of mind. Of course it was an instrument of terror also. But that is an unavoidable factor in the whole form of government, in dictatorship itself. Dictators are always alarming.

This, then, was the first discovery of my dictatorship, that even the most elementary truths were difficult to come by. The second was that they suffer a special kind of distortion. Subordinates to any absolute power have a special irresponsibility. Over and over again intelligent men—subchiefs, headmen in charge of road or bridge construction—broke out in the stupidest fashion. They suddenly went on the spree, or having done half a job in a careful and responsible manner, abandoned or botched the rest. One of them, with a long and good record, a steady family man, suddenly robbed the pay account in so careless a way that he was at once detected and brought up for trial. I

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asked him what had persuaded him to such a folly, and his only explanation was that gesture, a slight horizontal movement of the hand to and fro, which means, to the Moslem, "As Allah wills," otherwise "Anything can happen."

What I think is that the fear and uncertainty that pervade every such régime, as with an atmosphere, breed fatalism. A soldier recognizes the same thing in himself during war service. You have the paradox that men in daily fear of their lives are therefor more reckless than those in safety, and that subordinates under a police state, who can be jailed or shot for a very small fault, are therefor more open to sudden corruption. The enormous corruption of the Nazis and Fascists should not amaze us, and it is easy to understand why the Communists need such frequent purges.

But a still more subtle cause of the treachery infecting every relation in absolute government is the irresistible desire, even among its loyal supporters, to keep things sweet. No one ever gives his immediate boss bad news in its bare form. I can't say how many times I was taken in by reports that seemed, even to my suspicious dictator's mind, clear and exhaustive, but proved to have left out the vital point. The most exasperating and comical was the detailed news of "damage" to a bridge that, when I arrived two days later, was found to have disappeared totally. It was too late to take another road. I had to swim the river, in flood among rocks, and the old chief whom I had brought with me had to be left behind, at the risk of wasting a long, careful negotiation, in which he was to have been the peacemaker, with certain troublesome villages about district boundaries.

I cannot be surprised that Adolf Hitler, toward the end, was fighting battles with armies that had long since ceased to exist.

This disease of absolute government extends in a lesser degree throughout all governmental hierarchies. There is a fatalism in the old bureaucrat that comes not so much from fear as the thought: "This damned setup is so unpredictable anyhow that no one knows what it will do next," and so does not trouble too much about details that probably will

be misunderstood or be lost in some pigeonhole. And again there is the tendency to keep things sweet.

I don't know the real basic reason for the Labour Government's groundnuts disaster in East Africa, but plainly it arose in the first place from bad information. I have watched at least one process by which information is regularly falsified, in what we might call the chain report. I used to report twice a year on the economic position in Borgu, suggesting possible developments. I would write something like this: "The export of shea butter could be greatly increased by simple improvements at the river port of Leaba, such as a market building. The chief expense would be on the Leaba Road, which for over forty miles has neither any water nor any settlement. At least two villages with wells would be needed, and there are no local welldiggers. I could find hunters ready to settle if wells were provided and three years' tax exemption were offered. Estimate for such a road, complete, with wells and huts for ten families, can be put at *x* pounds."

In the provincial report for the half year, this would read: "The district officer at Borgu reports that a new river port and market at Leaba would greatly increase the export of shea butter. A new road would be required from Leaba to the capital." That is to say, the qualifications would have been left out to save space and give an encouraging effect. If the suggestion ever reached the Secretary of State for the Colonies, it would be in this form: "A general development of ports on the Niger promises excellent and immediate returns. This could be achieved with local labor." "Local labor" to the Secretary of State in London would mean merely African labor.

The report writer has to condense. But in the act he tends, unless he is careful, to leave out more of the drawbacks than the advantages. Otherwise, he runs the risk that some energetic politician on the lookout for positive opportunities will think him a knocker, a Blimp, a stick-in-the-mud, even a secret enemy.

Now I realize why dictators, and even democratic heads of government—Wilson, Chamberlain, Roosevelt, Churchill—tend to have confidential advisers, favorites, to send on private missions of inquiry, and to lean heavily on them for information and advice. This, of course, only shifts some power to the favorite, and surrounds him also with walls and distrust. Power does not so much corrupt the ruler as the whole world in which he is compelled to work. It becomes for him, the moment he reaches power, a kind of Castle of Otranto, full of uncertain noises and vague threats, in which the very servants edge away from him as if he had the evil eye. And his friends become favorites, and therefore his closest friends can become his most dangerous enemies. For they, above all, have power, the power to deceive.

—Joyce Cary

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Our German Garrison:

Bridge Games and War Games

The wife of a U.S. Signal Corps captain in Germany was speeding down the superhighway toward Frankfurt not long ago on her way back home from an evening of bridge with Army friends in Bad Nauheim. She was alone in the car; her husband had stayed home in their billet to bone up for a test in map reading. All at once, she saw the bulky silhouette of a tank thrusting up the incline onto the opposite strip of the *Autobahn*. It was followed by other blacked-out tanks, trucks, and armored cars—a long column of them.

The young woman stepped down harder on the accelerator. The car spurted past the armored column, down the *Autobahn* for fifteen miles more; it veered into the turnoff for Frankfurt, sped through the shadows of the headquarters city, and jammed to a stop in front of a row house on a side street.

Its driver jumped out, rang the bell frantically, and as her tired-eyed husband came to the door, blurted, "Dick, tanks! There were tanks!"

Thomas T. Handy

Manton S. Eddy

"Huh?" the captain replied blankly.

"Tanks! I saw a column of tanks coming onto the *Autobahn* between here and Bad Nauheim on my way home. Just a few minutes ago. Dozens of them!"

She paused for breath, then, "Could they—do you suppose they—they were Russian?"

The captain started. He looked at his wife, then toward the second floor, where their two children were sleeping. Abruptly, he said "Oh" and broke into a grin.

"Come on in and calm yourself," he said. "You saw the ——" and he named an armored unit of the U.S. Constabulary. "They're on a night problem out there. We had to send some of our signal people out to help them. It's all right. It's not the Russians. It's us."

This story, which the captain told me the next day with considerable amusement, points up perfectly the crazily anomalous position of our forces in the U.S. Zone of Germany today.

On the one hand, there is grim recognition that these are the front lines of a war that may start any time the enemy chooses. Because that fact has finally been recognized, the basic mission of the U.S. troops in Germany has been transformed: The occupation garrisons are being converted to tactical units, new divisions are slated to arrive as reinforcements, and the combat outfits are being deployed where they can best meet the threat of possible attack from the Soviet East. Units are training, with a deadly purposefulness, on a night-and-day basis.

On the other hand, these same front lines are cluttered with all the paraphernalia of the occupation: the neon-lighted post exchanges, the bowling alleys, the snack bars, the movies, the family billets—and the families. As

Clarence R. Huebner

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little as fifteen minutes' flying time from the Soviet Zone, sixty thousand American civilians are living the life of Suburbia.

Here, then, is a weirdly divided responsibility for the new combat force in the making. Charged with the defense of Europe, it is preoccupied with the defense and evacuation of its own families, come H-Hour.

Officially there has not yet been recognition that the mission of the U.S. forces in Germany has been transformed. The only legal justification for the present overhauling process is a phrase in the occupation directives providing that the Commanding General maintain "the security of the occupation forces."

In fact, however, recognition of the new mission was given last November 24, when the United States Seventh Army was reactivated in Germany, Lieutenant General Manton S. Eddy was named its commander, and about forty-five thousand troops, including the 1st Infantry Division, the division-size armored Constabulary, and various supporting units were assigned to it.

Eddy was a first-rate choice. As a division and corps commander in Europe during the Second World War, he demonstrated superior skill as a tactician and also a warm human understanding of his men. During the campaigns in North Africa, Sicily, and Normandy as commander of the 9th Infantry Division, and during the drive across France into Germany as commander of the spearheading XII Corps in Patton's Third Army, Eddy won a reputation as an officer who was tough on subordinate officers but just and sympathetic with G.I.'s.

Nominally, Eddy remains under the orders of General Thomas T. Handy, boss of the U.S. European Command, which includes all ground, naval, and air forces. Actually, Handy's job has been so altered that his responsibilities are limited to administration, supply, and communications. When French General Alphonse Juin takes over as chief of the SHAPE armies for central Europe he will be Eddy's tactical superior.

Numerically, the Seventh Army is no more impressive today than was Walton Walker's Eighth Army during the first grinding days of the war in Korea. Eddy has in his unit, organized for combat, only two of every five G.I.'s now in the U.S. ground forces in Germany. The others belong to Handy.

However, by the end of this year—logistics and Stalin permitting—Eddy's army should have four more divisions, 80,000 more tactically organized soldiers. That will make 125,000 in all—three out of every five G.I.'s in Germany.

Eddy told correspondents here not long ago that his motto is "Clear the decks for action!" Within the limitations of his anomalous situation, that is exactly what he is doing.

The spit-and-polish régime which Eddy's predecessor, Lieutenant General Clarence R. Huebner, imposed on the U.S. occupation garrison (at a time when, it must be acknowledged, that kind of discipline was badly needed) has been abandoned in the Seventh Army. Eddy doesn't have much time to inspect Blitz-rubbed buttons and lacquered helmet liners. He is more concerned with toughening up his G.I.'s and training them in the field two weeks out of every three, come winter cold, spring mud, or summer dust.

A reporter can pick an outfit at random, watch it for a while in training, and recognize the drastic changes Manton Eddy is working. Take, for example, the 1st battalion of the 16th Infantry Regiment of the 1st Infantry Division.

Gone are the days of the snug, relatively easy occupation life. Today, on one bleak, gray dawn every third week, amidst shouted orders and racing motors, a convoy emerges from the gates of Monteith Barracks near Nuremberg. Trucks and jeeps, mounting sky-pointing machine guns, lead the pack-laden doughs down the road and across the rolling fields.

They're in those fields for the next two weeks. The first week consists of small-unit exercises, for platoons and companies. The second week, the battalion may move to Grafenwöhr or to the newer maneuver areas a bit farther back from Soviet lines and Soviet spies, for battalion or regimental problems.

For the infantry much of it's the old familiar routine: Dig a foxhole, fill it in and hit the road again, march five miles and dig another hole. Send out patrols, storm a hill, withdraw again and storm it another time. Man roadblocks, "blow up" bridges, take a town, withdraw.

There's the psychological toughening: Troops crawl toward an "enemy" position while live machine-gun fire rips waist-high above and dynamite charges simulate "incoming mail" from enemy mortars.

There's the physical toughening: the long marches, the cold nights on the ground, the night patrols and the bayonet assaults, the charges against the hills.

There's the combat discipline: no passes into the nearby town when the day's maneuvers are over, the guard duty, the frequent enforced blackouts in the bivouac area.

And there are the special new wrinkles which give this combat training special meaning: the tactics devised to match what the military men have learned about the Soviet armies, the problems that are grim duplicates of real situations the planners know may arise any day. When Company C of the 16th prepares a holding action at a bridgehead on a lonely east-west road somewhere north of Nuremberg, it's no mere abstract exercise; some day it may be holding that bridgehead in deadly earnest.

While the principal units in Germany have been reorganized and training sharply intensified, the U.S. command has also been quietly relocating

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its troops so that they will be best deployed to meet any Russian thrust.

Many details of this shift are secret, naturally, but it is apparent that U.S. troops are being moved where they can provide more defense in depth. Some have been moved to the Rhineland, west of the river, in the French occupation zone. Some French tactical units are being shifted to points in the U. S. Zone (from out-of-the-way areas behind the Black Forest) where they will strengthen the thin brown line of Allied soldiers. Eddy's staff has taken a cold, hard look at the geography of West Germany and is disposing the Seventh Army astride the likeliest Russian routes of march.

While Eddy is shifting his troops, Handy is relocating some of the key supply installations. The most notable of these changes has been the building of U.S. military port facilities at Bordeaux and La Pallice on the Biscay coast of France. Hitherto Bremen, on the North Sea, has been the principal U.S. port of supply. But Bremen is only eighty miles from Russia's Germany and certainly would be a primary target of any Soviet attack.

Concurrently, other large supply depots are being moved farther to the west, in less exposed areas, and new lines of communication have been set up across France from the Atlantic and from the headquarters of Eisenhower's SHAPE.

In co-ordination with these troop and supply shifts, the U.S. Air Force in Europe is adapting itself to the new tactical mission. An enormous air depot is now under construction at Châteauroux, in central France. Lieutenant General Lauris Norstad, Air Force boss for Europe, is planning to move his jet-fighter groups from their present positions near the Soviet Zone to fields west of the Rhine.

These are impressive changes, but they are only the beginning of the changes that must be made.

Eddy conceded recently that wives, mothers, and children outnumber his combat troops, complicate Army logistics, and impose tremendous extraneous responsibilities on the military command. Yet he argued that the advantages of their continued presence —in terms of their "stabilizing influence" on the men in uniform and the German local populace—outweighed the disadvantages.

With all respect for the general's judgment, it might be asked whether these particular "stabilizing influences" are really desirable for officers and soldiers training to fight. Can troops concentrate to the full on grueling training in the field for two weeks while their minds are on the comfortable family life they can look forward to during the third week?

And, the most nagging question of all, can officers and noncoms (the lowest enlisted ranks are not permitted to have dependents here) offer their men the effective leadership necessary to meet a Soviet attack while they are worrying about their families?

As for the "stabilizing influences" on the German population, that is even more open to question. Should the U.S. families be pulled out suddenly and without explanation, there might, indeed, be anxiety and perhaps even panic. The problem need not, however, be handled so clumsily.

It could be pointed out to the Germans, who have been loud in their complaints against the burdens they bear for the U.S. dependents (the cost of billets, the wages of servants, and half a hundred other expenses), that evacuation would afford them substantial economies. It could be made clear that the reason American families were being sent home was to bring the U.S. fighting forces to full efficiency, not because U.S. intelligence indicated an imminent Soviet attack. It could be made clear that those civilians, men and women, who were performing jobs directly connected with the Army or the High Commissioner would remain.

As the situation stands, neither U.S. High Commissioner John J. McCloy nor General Handy has been willing to force the hard decision of sending soldiers' families home. A halfway measure has been decided on, although not made explicit, which will probably preclude shipment of more families to Europe. But the basic problem—that of getting those families that are here out—has not yet been attacked.

Another problem that clamors for solution is the elimination of waste in military manpower. Eddy has developed an intelligent and intensive program of combat training for the troops in his Seventh Army, but too few of the G.I.'s here are in that command.

A captain and a sergeant run the Godesberger Hof, a hotel for U.S. High Commission officials near the German capital at Bonn. Sergeants take tickets at Army movie houses. Soldiers work in the commissaries which sell food to the U.S. families; they work in the gas stations for civilian vehicles; they supervise maintenance teams for family billets. There is a large detachment of G.I.'s stationed permanently at the mountain resorts that the Army operates as recreation centers. A sergeant first class runs Kronberg Castle, near Frankfurt, which is now an officers' and civilian club; noncoms are in charge of dozens of other clubs. Officers run many hotels. No fewer than 127 officers and enlisted men are assigned to the Armed Forces Radio Network in Germany. Hundreds of soldiers are assigned to Special Services. And so on.

There is a drastic need for the Army's

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personnel officers to tear down some of the little "empires" that have been built up here and to make sure that a very much higher percentage of the men in military uniforms perform military jobs.

A third problem, of even greater proportions, is that of equipment and arms. With few exceptions (the 3.5-inch bazooka being the most prominent) Eddy's soldiers carry the weapons and ride in the vehicles of the Second World War.

All the combat commanders here pay high tribute to the job of maintenance and salvage which has been done on this equipment. Yet, as the Seventh Army commander told newsmen in Frankfurt a while back, "It will be a glad day for us when we get the new stuff marked for priority for the Far East and that is still to come off the assembly line in the United States."

Soviet matériel, according to the experts here, has been frequently overestimated. Yet as things now stand, in addition to their overwhelming superiority in manpower, the Soviet forces do have some edge in weapons—especially in tanks.

A final problem, and the most serious of all for Eddy, is that of getting the four new divisions promised by the Joint Chiefs of Staff over here and into shape. While Congress has wrangled, the Seventh Army has fretted, knowing only too well that the delay has been dangerous.

Since reinforcement was first projected, only a relative handful of fresh G.I.'s has arrived—a Ranger company here, a few small units of other specialists there. But to date not a single battalion of a single regiment of a single U.S. division has disembarked on the continent. It is ironic that before the end of March the British 11th Armoured, the first of the new divisions Britain had agreed to provide for Eisenhower's armies, was on German soil.

"I think," Eddy said cautiously not long ago, "the projected Allied strength will suffice to make a collective defense possible." But there are still tough decisions which must be faced and made before that projected strength—even from the American side alone—can be brought into being.

—Ernest Leiser

Can Our Colleges Survive U.M.T.?

While the Congressional controversy over American foreign and military policy drones on, another debate—smaller in volume but perhaps, in the long run, no less significant—keeps popping up. At one point this Little Debate came close to wrecking our system of higher education—and education in general. It may yet.

To the credit of our educators it should be said that they have kept their debate on a logical, responsible level. Their motives have not always been completely selfless, but they have done their lobbying not merely for re-election or financial gain but for the survival of the schools they represent. Perhaps they have fought at times for the preservation of some schools that have no great claim to survival; but the system they are trying to save is worth saving.

The debate started last December. Dr. James B. Conant, president of Harvard, and Dr. Vannevar Bush, director of the Office of Scientific Research and Development in the Second World War, made an appeal for universal military training and service in terms so universal as to daze many of their fellow educators. Conant, whose proposal was made as part of the program of the then comparatively new Committee on the Present Danger, outlined the place of the colleges in the proposed scheme of things in a popular article in *Look*.

The original Conant plan advocated that every young man at the age of eighteen or upon completion of high school (whichever came later) was to perform two years of military service, with "the able-bodied to serve in the armed forces; those physically unfit to serve in other capacities at the same pay, which should not be high. There should be no deferments or exemptions for college students or anyone else." Conant conceded that his proposal would call for "drastic readjustments" of the entire educational system and would result in "a great sacrifice" in general education and professional training. But, he added, these sacrifices were necessary in view of "the extreme peril" faced by the nation.

The opposition to Conant went into action at once. The Association of Colleges and Universities of the State of New York summoned the presidents of ninety-five member institutions, public and private. They saw in the Conant plan as it stood a terrible blow to higher learning. Many of them admitted off the record that their schools could not survive such a draining away of students, even for an interim period of two or three years. All of them felt that even if the schools could be sustained economically (perhaps with the unwelcome aid of state and Federal subsidies), the plan might severely weaken the nation in the long-range defense effort.

Dr. Everett Case, president of Colgate, warned that America was in danger of sacrificing its trained, skilled, and educated manpower by cutting off its steady flow into and out of the colleges and universities. He did not necessarily disagree with the committee about the presence of a "present danger," but he was unwilling to discount the greater dangers of the future.

The Conant plan had the virtue of calling for drastic action, which was understandable at a time of grave military reverses, when nothing but "all-out" measures seemed adequate. Everyone could understand a plan under which nobody was to be deferred or exempt. The idea sounded almost Churchillian, although even at the time of the "blood, sweat and tears" speech British universities continued

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the education of the next generation of leaders. The grave error in Conant's scheme was that it oversimplified the defense problem by confusing universal, equal, and "all-out" effort with indiscriminate effort.

In both virtue and error it was a thoroughly American plan. But had it been left unchallenged it would have thrown out the baby with the bath water. The bath water was the inequality and wastefulness of the selective-service system. The baby was education.

To save the baby, Dr. Case went on to make these proposals: Require brief basic military training of every young man as soon as he reaches military age; induct for further service all those who have completed or broken off their high-school or post-high-school education; institute a national test to determine whether an applicant was fit to go to college; and establish one central manpower authority to eliminate the confusion and piecemeal handling of the nation's most vital asset —its men.

Two weeks after the first statement of the Conant plan, *Look* gave Dr. Charles W. Cole, president of Amherst, a chance to reply. By this time, it was clear that the extreme Conant view had been effectively answered. But it was also clear that some modification of the universal-service idea was bound to prevail. Cole's proposal to stick to an accelerated selective service seemed to have little chance for success.

The distinction between universal military training on the one hand and selective service or the draft on the other had become blurred—perhaps with some purpose. Should the draft age be lowered to eighteen, the draft boards could in effect achieve universal training and service without benefit of legislation.

The real difference, however, is a psychological one: Many opponents of U.M.T. feel that any permanent program of this kind might seriously affect the nonmilitary and, in fact, anti-militaristic climate of the country. They are willing to accept whatever military-training provisions may have to be undertaken as long as they can be left on a temporary, emergency basis. It might, of course, be argued that the emergency looks as if it will continue for a long time to come and that the argument has been reduced to ideological hair-splitting. But the argument does become valid under the present Congressional plan to continue selective service now and to put U.M.T. on a "standby" basis, an acknowledgment that conscription is indeed to be a part of our national pattern even in a time of real peace, however distant that time may seem now.

The remarkable tone of rationality which characterized the debate became apparent when Dr. Conant admitted publicly that he had "become persuaded" to change his views and support the emerging fusion of the more moderate outlooks. Perhaps most persuasive was the argument used by Dr. M. H. Trytten, director of the Office of Scientific Personnel, National Research Council, who warned that the Soviet Union had 1,516 technical training institutes in 1945, not counting medical, pedagogical, and other specialized educational institutions. In 1939, 600,000 students were enrolled

Wide World

Case of Colgate

in these Russian institutions, while in 1950 the figure was estimated at 1.7 million. Russia was threatening to overtake us in terms of technically trained manpower.

Our own situation in the field of engineering is already serious. Three years ago the Bureau of Labor Statistics predicted an oversupply of engineers and thereby caused a marked drop in engineering enrollment. A few months ago the awakening came: After a peak was reached in 1950, with 50,000 engineering graduates, the number is declining to less than 35,000 this year, with about 21,000 projected for 1952, about 17,000 for 1953, and 12,000 for 1954.

But even that is only part of the story. The argument that we might have to defer students in the technical fields but could do without the liberal-arts and social-science graduates presents another great danger. If war comes this year, obviously every element of our manpower will have to be crowded into training camps. But if the emergency is to be long, any deterioration in the quality of American manpower would be fatal.

Apparently in recognition of these facts, Dr. Conant then accepted the view that a maximum number of those already in college should be deferred, and supported the plea that a certain number of eighteen-year-olds be "furloughed back" to college after basic training. Conant had seemingly been won over to the view that in the test of sheer numbers we shall always be inferior to the Communist-dominated world. Our best hope, therefore, is in the exploitation of our superiority in quality through education, and in the constant improvement of that quality. If quality is to tip the scales in our favor, a two-year lapse in the turning out of social scientists, of philosophers, and of language experts would be dangerous. A breakdown of the system of higher education—mass bankruptcy of the colleges or depletion of the faculty reserves—would be irreparable. As things are, there is already a disturbing trend of faculty dismissals and nonreappointments, and there is a serious danger that there will be a faculty shortage three years from now and a gap in the succession of great teachers ten years hence.

The problem was bluntly summarized by Mrs. Anna Rosenberg, Assistant Secretary of Defense in charge of manpower, when she said: "Our potential enemies so far exceed us in mass manpower that we must apply our resources with infinite skill if we are to safeguard our own country and restore peace to this troubled world."

The military-service debate in Congress has proceeded with less soberness and far less candor than the debate among educators and in the Defense

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Department. Congress, always intent on gathering votes wherever it may, has frequently fused crackpot opinions with sound recommendations.

Congressional and anti-intellectual ire recently erupted again in its hottest emotional form when the Selective Service Director announced that a national test would be given to all students wanting further deferments. Every aspect of the test was misinterpreted. Blundering public relations in the announcement of the test made matters worse. There was an outcry, for instance, when General Hershey said that the grade of seventy in the test would qualify for deferment. The critics at once charged that seventy is, after all, a mediocre mark. What was neither understood nor adequately explained was the fact that seventy in the test corresponds approximately to 120 on the Army General Classification Test (110 qualifies for Officers' Candidate School), and that of all the men tested during the last war only about one-sixth achieved that score or higher. More important, the test had never been meant to assure automatic deferment to anyone: It was merely to provide another valid yardstick for selective-service boards in making their deferments. Finally—although Congress and anti-test forces bandied about a giant figure of some 800,000 students to be "exempted" by means of this test—the fact is that only about 500,000 will be eligible to take it and only a total of about 65,000 will get their *deferment*—not exemption—as a result of the test.

The upheaval, however, was so formidable that Dr. Conant again took up the battle and for a moment seemed to return to his old stand. In a radio interview he not only created the impression that he was again standing in opposition to all deferments, but seemed to drag with him even A. Whitney Griswold of Yale and Harold W. Dodds of Princeton. Actually these university presidents, while pleading for universal military service, made it quite clear that deferments and preservation of the colleges are still vital. A well-informed Washington official explained the following day that Conant had not really changed his mind either and still wanted deferments for those already in college. Unfortunately, Dr. Conant seemed unaware that his position would again be turned into a rallying point for the anti-intellectuals.

Probably the most ludicrous performance has been the debate—still unresolved—over the induction age. Under pressure from assorted groups of "professional Moms," Congress soon realized that it might be politically dangerous to draft eighteen-year-old "boys." The term "boys"—"our boys in Korea," or "American boys defending foreign soil"—has become a potent political-sentimental slogan. A great many Congressmen wanted to be able to tell constituents before the next elections that they had saved the "boys" from conscription. Accordingly, a fiction has grown up that manhood begins at eighteen and a half. Historians, anthropologists, and psychologists of the future will have quite a job explaining the strange biological maturing process that supposedly takes place within that half-year span.

To the Defense Department the much-disputed half year matters a great deal, not because of sentiment but because of cold statistical fact. At the present stage, induction of the

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Cole of Amherst

eighteen-and-a-half-year-olds wouldn't create a safe margin in the manpower reservoir. With an eighteen-year induction limit, the potential yield, under current standards, would be 545,000 soldiers. Fixing the age at eighteen and a half would reduce the number to a total of only 224,000 men. The short time between eighteen and eighteen and a half may not turn boys into men, but under our social system it is the crucial period during which male humans, whether men or boys, frequently enter into new responsibilities that either make them less useful or render them totally useless to the Army's manpower reservoir.

Congress was on considerably safer ground when it argued that U.M.T. might alter the civilian aspect of the nation, and create a sort of Prussianism in the long run. However, the student body of one college found a surprisingly mature compromise by voting against *permanent* U.M.T. but advocating universal service and training for the duration of international tensions, however long these may exist.

At this point, incidentally, it must be said that much of the opposition to a universal-service plan is the direct result of the dishonesty of U.M.T. advocates in the postwar years. Many highly patriotic citizens, particularly educators, have not forgotten the nation-wide campaigns in 1947, the rash of popular-magazine articles, the phony advertising campaigns of certain model camps that were portrayed as substitutes for the home, with top sergeants mothering "the boys" through their training.

U.M.T. was depicted as something good in itself, as an extension of and an aid to the young man's education. Realists and democrats know, of course, that U.M.T. neither could nor should be anything of the kind. Many of those who might have been willing to accept U.M.T. as a military necessity shied away from it when it was presented as a Way of Life. The fruits of that deception are bitter at this time: The opponents of U.M.T., including many Congressmen, have given selective service a totally undeserved halo of democratic equality and fairness. Yet it would seem that the present system, which takes the older and more established men ahead of the younger ones and which draws heavily on veterans in the reserves and National Guard, is often grossly unfair and, concerning manpower, unreliable in a sustained emergency. In the colleges it creates a constant air of uncertainty and presents the absurd likelihood that a great many men who have already advanced far toward their degrees will have to cut short their studies.

If indiscriminate U.M.T., without

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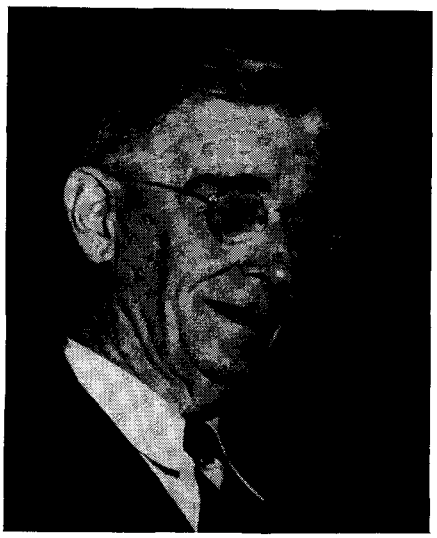

Harris & Ewing

Dr. Vannevar Bush

Harris & Ewing

Mrs. Anna Rosenberg

selective deferments, had been introduced at this time, on the other hand, the long-range effort would be seriously undermined if equality of sacrifice had to mean *identical sacrifice*. A student may actually offer better service to his country after finishing his higher education. It might callously be added that he would more likely be officer material for that vital stratum of company-grade leaders that swells the casualty lists. Besides, to talk of complete equality of sacrifice becomes rather meaningless unless one also agrees that everybody ought to be a rifleman. After all, is it not "undemocratic" to assign some men to wield bayonets in Korea and others to repairing jeeps at Fort Dix?

For the time being the American system of higher education has been saved. The panic, which was in some part created by the Conant plan, has largely blown over. The headlines that predicted anything up to an eighty per cent enrollment drop next fall have gone the way of most headlines. Some college administrators are still worried; but indications are that the fall term will start with nothing more serious than a mild drop of perhaps not much more than ten per cent, with even that largely due to the fade-out of the G.I. Bill of Rights.

There will be some changes, of course. Coeducational schools will recruit as many women as possible. The Reserve Officers Training Corps will be expanded by some 95,000 cadets and will reach a total of over 230,000 by October. In some instances standards of admission will be relaxed.

But the important thing is that, for the moment at least, the long view has won out over shortsighted panic. At worst, higher education has received another respite and has temporarily been saved from the still exceedingly strong anti-intellectual forces among the pressure groups and in Congress.

For a while, early this year, the plight of higher education seemed especially grim because the anti-intellectual front was getting unwitting aid and comfort from the advocates of the drastic universality-plus-equality plans of service. The undercurrent of this anti-intellectualism is still surprisingly strong, and many of its arguments are wrapped in what appear to be democratic principle and logic. The favorite case is that deferment of the "bright boys" (by itself a sarcastic term) would weaken the armed forces. The men with higher intelligence, it is argued, are needed as potential officers. Actually, of course, it is true that in the long run these superior men will be far better leaders if their talents and potentialities—technical, moral, professional, and human—have been more fully educated and fostered. To argue otherwise is to say that education is useless, in peace as well as in war.

The most powerful, practical argument against all these myths is the example of the U.S. Military and Naval Academies: The nation's professional military leaders are subjected to a strenuous engineering, social-science, and humanities curriculum *before* they are deemed ready to give the best service to their country.

What must be remembered now is that there may be other sharp setbacks in store such as those in Korea late last year. With each one the danger of another call for hasty action will be revived, just as every period of temporary victory will tend to lead to a letup in the vital, long-range defense effort.

In the end higher education will be doomed unless the people can be persuaded that the colleges are, as Anna Rosenberg put it, "the lifeline" both to the physical and the spiritual arsenal of the free world. Congress must be made to see that without these institutions not only is it impossible to create the strength to defend freedom but that no freedom may remain to be defended.

For the moment the situation has been stabilized. The first important move toward greater certainty came early this year when Secretary Marshall ruled that deferred college students could still select their branch of service at the end of their deferment, thus counteracting any possible panicky rush for enlistments. Although deferment standards are to remain flexible, depending on manpower needs, the present estimate is that all but the lowest fourth of next fall's senior class and the lowest third of its junior class will be deferred. The sorting will be a little more rigid in the sophomore class, and the incoming freshmen will probably have to meet tougher requirements—provided they are of military age. Congress still has not made the final decision as to minimum age. The Senate wants to lower the draft age to eighteen, the House to eighteen and a half. Some say that in the end eighteen and a quarter may be found to be the date of manhood. There also is still no clarity on whether U.M.T.—now, later, or ever—is to be accepted.

Whatever the details turn out to be when the draft or U.M.T. law becomes final, there is now strong reason to believe that several hundred thousand students eligible for service will continue to be deferred. The colleges that had nightmares of total collapse will continue through at least one more year of chronic, but not critical, difficulties. —Fred M. Hechinger

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Atom-Bomb Shelter In the Spring

Like a hundred thousand other inhabitants of Los Angeles, I intended to drive directly to the beach. It was a spring Sunday afternoon, hot and desert-bright, and alive with fresh colors and odors. Among the rows of pastel stucco houses along Santa Monica Boulevard, just west of Twentieth Century-Fox, an occasional vacant lot shone dazzlingly green, and in one of these, as I drew near, I saw several people circling a small, round dome sunk in the ground. A banner reading "American Safety Bomb Shelter Company" flapped over the dome, next to a big sign saying PREPARE NOW! I thought I had better stop a minute.

An ancient and shriveled man, sunning himself in a camp chair beside the path leading to the shelter, nodded as I walked by.

"Nice day."

"It certainly is," I said absently, thinking that this must be the original mass-production atom-bomb shelter I had read about.

"Too good for boobs," the old man added pleasantly. "I set out in this lot every nice day," he went on. "Gives me a chance to meet all the people who come to look at that hole in the ground. I enjoy it—it always ruins their day." He smiled. "You going to ruin yours?"

"What?"

The old man leaned forward conspiratorially. "If you're going to look at that thing, boy, be sure to look inside of it."

He winked wickedly, and I began to edge up the path.

"Mind, now!" he warned.

I joined a dozen or so people who were standing on a ramp leading down to the door of the shelter and listening to a salesman, a tall, spare fellow who had piercing blue eyes and wore a town Stetson like President Truman's.

"Think where you are!" he was saying. "Four miles that way is the Douglas airplane plant. Eight miles that way is Lockheed. Five miles that way is the airport, the North American airplane company, and the Hughes airplane company. Ten miles that way is Northrup."

The salesman drew himself up slowly. "Think!" he rasped. "What a collection of targets! The bomb goes off up there . . ." He pointed to a spot in the shining, cloudless sky a little west and south of where we stood. "The blast comes down all around here in an inverted cone, burning everything to powder and eating up all the oxygen in the air. All this" (he swept his arm around to take in the peaceful houses) "is gone. The cars are gone. There's nothing but smoke. You can't tell where the streets were. That lovely hill" (it *was* a lovely hill, rising behind the bomb shelter, with wildflowers on its sunny, yellow-green sides) "is just a hump of stinking dirt. There's nothing . . ."

He paused with hands outspread.

"But wait a minute. Everything isn't gone. All the time, you and your loved ones have been sitting in this rugged family shelter, under this spherical reinforced-concrete dome. All you know about what has been going on is that you heard a very slight noise outside. You wait thirty, forty minutes, tuning in your portable radio to get the news, and then you put on your radiation garment with the plastic hood and go on out. You're absolutely O.K. You feel fine. You had *this* baby."

He patted the pink dome affectionately.

"What's the use of coming out O.K. if everybody else is gone?" asked a short, swarthy man.

"That," said the salesman, briskly, "is something everybody with loved ones has to settle with his own conscience."

There was a general murmur of discussion.

"Now, folks," the salesman cut in, "look at this lifesaver you had the wisdom to install in time. It is eight feet across the cement floor, holding six to eight people in comfort. It is seven feet high in the center and four feet at the door; this wall is made of special patented kiln-dried brick filled with concrete eight inches thick, with steel rods running on up through the dome, which is eight inches of solid concrete, withstanding a pressure of 4,800 pounds to the square foot."

The salesman breathed deeply, professionally.

"You will see other so-called atom-bomb shelters being put up by our competitors around town. They should be put in jail—the materials they're putting in to make a price."

"What is the price of this one?" asked a tired-looking woman.

"Just $1,285, installed in your back yard," the salesman said.

A murmuring arose.

"With thirty months to pay, friends. Ten per cent down and FHA terms," he added hastily.

"Thirty months!" cried the swarthy man. "Who's got thirty months?"

"There will be no war this year!" announced a hollow-cheeked man with wild white hair.

"What's *your* name?" snapped the swarthy man.

"Peace, my son!" said the white-haired man, with ministerial calm.

"Notice that this opens inward in case you have to dig your way out," the salesman interrupted, moving the massive shelter door for our inspection. "Notice this ramp. This ramp is for a quick entrance. After the siren blows,

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you will have from two to ten minutes, and steps might be tricky."

"What happened to the thirty months?" the swarthy man persisted.

"We recommend the following items for furnishing the shelter," said the salesman darkly. "First, a couple of portable oxygen tanks. It's airtight in there to keep out the radiation and the heat. Then a gas mask, and a flashlight, and your radiation garments, and a chemical toilet and all the canned food and bottled water she'll hold. You may have to live here quite a while until rescuers get through to you from the outside."

"Oh, dear," said a young woman, leaning closer to her husband.

"Yes, madam," said the salesman solemnly, "but let me remind you that this thing could be blown right out of the ground and still stay in one piece."

"Oh, dear," mourned the woman.

The people began to peer inside the shelter and walk around it. A young woman ordered her small son off the dome; a middle-aged man felt the walls gingerly; two young men with the name of a motorcycle club stenciled on the backs of their windbreakers regarded it silently. The women stood with their summer dresses blowing gently.

"What do you think of it?" I asked the swarthy man.

"I will not live with one of these things in my back yard," he said, very simply.

I walked around to the escape hatch on the north side, and back to the doorway. There was not much to it, but I felt I had to see it all.

"Now, consider its peacetime uses," the salesman was saying. "A playhouse for the children; a general outbuilding; a vault for valuables; a vegetable cellar. It's very cool in here. Just step inside."

I stepped inside and it was cool. It might have been an igloo or the hut of a savage. It was, however, the newest architectural development in West Los Angeles. On its curved wall were several photographs of a magnificent young woman inspecting the shelter in a French bathing suit, exposing herself recklessly to radiation.

"Some of you folks live up on the hills in acute danger from brush fires," the salesman said as I came out. "Well, your house burns down but you sit in here without a worry in the world. And notice this outside handle on the door. That's so you mothers can open the door in case the children seal themselves in while playing house."

"How good is it in earthquakes?" someone asked.

"Earthquakes? There is no earthquake that could bother this shelter. It might be swallowed up but it will never fold in on you."

I asked the salesman how many shelters he had sold, and he told me four in the thirty days his company had been in business.

"Our customers are all substantial people," he added.

"Can you get it in any color besides this pink?" asked a plump woman.

The salesman smiled indulgently. "Any of the colors of this beautiful day, madam."

This reference was a mistake. The prospective customers, reminded of the day, began to remember it hungrily and to mill around.

"The thing to remember is the mass hysteria," the salesman broke in hurriedly. "You all know our civilian-defense program here is a joke. We are all sitting on the edge of eternity."

"Amen!" intoned the white-haired man.

"You can say that again, Reverend," snapped the salesman. "We keep thinking of *one* bomb. That's where we make our mistake. There will be twelve, twenty, all at once, in different places. We'll be melted rock from here to Bakersfield."

"There will be no war this year!" stated the white-haired man.

"You better listen to what I say!" yelled the salesman.

But the spell was broken. The people looked intently at the green hill, and at a dog rolling on its back in the luxuriant grass of the back lot, and out to Santa Monica Boulevard, where convertibles with tops down, full of smiling, half-clothed people, rolled endlessly toward the beach.

"All right, there's no hurry," said the salesman. "Take along some of these pamphlets. Come around some day when it's raining."

On my way to my car, I passed the old man in the camp chair. He was rocking and cackling gently.

"Say," he asked. "Did you get inside? Did you see the pictures?"

I nodded.

"My God!" said the old man. "A fine girl like that doesn't belong down there in the dark."

—Richard A. Donovan

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'We Thank the Great Stalin'

Eleven of the twelve members of the most powerful and exclusive club in the world published little masterpieces of self-revelation recently. On this unique occasion, all but one member of the Politburo of the Communist Party of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics produced pamphlets on the same subject at the same time. The subject was Stalin, the time his seventieth birthday. Malenkov wrote on "Comrade Stalin —Leader of Progressive Mankind," Molotov on "Stalin and Stalin's Leadership," Beria on "The Great Inspirer and Organizer of the Victories of Communism"; Kosygin's title was "We Are Indebted to the Great Stalin for Our Successes." All of the pamphlets were duly issued in several languages, including English, by the Foreign Languages Publishing House in Moscow. They can be purchased for ten cents each in New York City.

These eleven pamphlets represent the latest authorized portrait of No. 1 by Nos. 2 to 12. If the result of their efforts is far more a myth than a man, so much the better. A system's mythology can give it away with much greater force than anything its most hostile critics can say about it.

The postwar Stalin legend is new in several respects, or at least a new stage of it has been reached.

As late as the middle 1930's, for example, "Stalinist" was a word hissed only by insidious Trotskyists and such. "Leninist" was still the only permissible term. The "Stalin Constitution" of 1936 was one of the earliest indications that Stalin was no longer satisfied with playing second fiddle. By now he has become the whole orchestra.

Everything is Stalinist today. Mikoyan says that the last twenty-six years, since Lenin's death, will go down in history as the "Stalin epoch." Beria calls this the "Stalin age." The postwar five-year plan is, of course, the "Stalin Plan." Kaganovich refers to the Stakhanovites as the "Stalin people." But there is also such a thing as "Stalinite military art," which is naturally the only "real" one, according to Voroshilov. Every conceivable aspect of human activity in the Soviet Union has been officially raised to the level of "Stalinist," which is a notch above "Leninist" or "Marxist."

Mikoyan is the one who most clearly puts Lenin in his place. Stalin is greater than Lenin, Mikoyan implies, because Stalin raised Leninism "to a new and higher historic stage." More specifically, Mikoyan asserts: "The Marxist-Leninist philosophy, which is changing the world, reached its peak in Comrade Stalin's works." Beria, as befitting the head of the secret police, has classified the corpses for the Soviet pantheon. He tells us that Marx and Engels created scientific socialism. Lenin *and* Stalin were responsible for the victory of the proletarian revolution and the creation of the Soviet social and state system. But only Stalin was able to bring about "the victory of Socialism in the U.S.S.R., and the salvation of human civilization. . . ."

Yet Stalin's eminence must be a lonely one. In all eleven pamphlets no other name save Lenin's is mentioned. All the members of all the central committees and all the Politburos, all the commissars, and all the co-workers for thirty-five years have been consigned to a Communist oblivion. Or rather, to be exact, there are references to "trotskyite-zinovievite, bukharinite and other degenerates," in Shvernik's elegant language, or as Beria gently expresses it, "that traitorous pack: Trotsky, Kamenev, Zinoviev, Bukharin, and their associates." These are literally the only times that any of the other men who made the revolution, except for Lenin, are as much as mentioned. And so the only competition that Stalin still tolerates is Lenin's. How long will he tolerate even that?

Compensation is made for leaving out everyone else's name by the number of times that Stalin's own is repeated. The literary rule for such compositions seems to be to try to mention Stalin's name at least once in every paragraph, if not in every sentence. A careful study of Khrushchov's offering, entitled "Stalin Friendship Among the Peoples Makes Our Motherland Invincible," reveals that Stalin's name turns up in forty-two of the fifty paragraphs, often several times in the same paragraph. The prize was probably won by Bulganin's "Stalin and the Soviet Armed Forces" which manages to squeeze Stalin's name into sixty-nine out of seventy-seven paragraphs, many of them a single sentence long.

The adjectives that are permitted next to Stalin's name are even more revealing. The same ones turn up again and again, almost as if the Politburo had issued an authorized list for its own use. The most frequent is simply "great." But the runners-up are "beloved," "wise," and "fatherly." Khrushchov addresses Stalin as "dear father, wise teacher, genius and leader of the Party"; Kaganovich, "our dear and ardently beloved"; Kosygin, "beloved leader and teacher"; and Bulganin, "dear and beloved leader and teacher, the great Stalin!"

This image of the wise and beloved father and teacher has, of course, deep roots in the "little father" of the Czarist past. The all-powerful never seem to be satisfied with power alone. Ironically, they also want to be loved. They even demand love on a par with their power—the "infinite love," the "unbounded love and devotion," that Kosygin renders to Stalin, whose contact with the people is limited to rare appearances in the shadows of a box at the Bolshoi Theater.

Social systems as well as men reveal themselves in their style. In this case,

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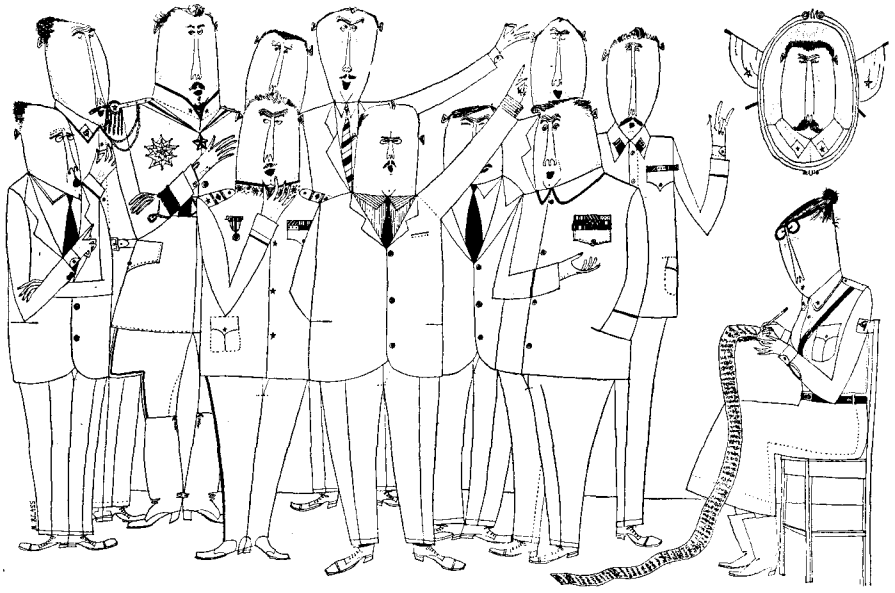

The chorus of praise: Beria, Kaganovich, Bulganin, Voroshilov, Kosygin, Shvernik, Molotov, Andreyev, Khrushchov, Malenkov, Mikoyan

the homage paid to the leaders—by themselves—betrays what they think of the masses. The self-appointed fathers and teachers justify their dictatorship by making helpless children and wards out of the hundreds of millions of people under them. The more paternalistic a dictatorship conceives itself to be, the more ruthless and intolerant it can become, because its cruelty obtains absolution in the higher end. It is the combination of Stalin the Father and Stalin the Great that makes this system a holy tyranny, the most implacable and insatiable and also the most seductive of tyrannies.

Sometimes the hero worship reaches a point where it is in patent contradiction with the official party philosophy, and even with elementary plausibility.

"The Lenin and Stalin science and Stalin's leadership are the deciding factors in the progress of the People's Democracies towards Socialism," Mikoyan writes. "The Lenin and Stalin science and Stalin's leadership are the deciding factors in uniting all the common people throughout the world in the struggle for peace, democracy and Socialism." Thus an ideology and an individual have taken the place of the material forces that Marxism has always held to be the "deciding factors."

But the hagiolatry achieves really ridiculous heights in order to attribute everything that happens in the Soviet Union to Stalin. It is not enough to say that he leads or guides. He must have his fingers in every pie. He must get all the credit, as if nothing could take place without him.

Beria assures us: "Comrade Stalin not only guided, but participated directly in the planning of all major fighting operations of the Red Army; in the elaboration of measures to secure the front the necessary reinforcements, arms, ammunition, and food supplies; in the organization of assistance to beleaguered Leningrad, Sevastopol, Odessa, the Caucasus, Stalingrad." Shvernik informs us: "There is not a sphere of political, economic or cultural activity in our country in which Comrade Stalin does not take a most direct, active and energetic part."

All of the Politburo members seek to prove that Stalin was really responsible for everything accomplished in their respective fields down to the smallest detail. Kaganovich asserts that Stalin "devotes unflagging attention to the development of electrification"; he also finds it necessary to explain that "direct orders" from Stalin were responsible for the development of a new variety of roof slate. Without Stalin's "special care," Mikoyan tells us, there would be no modern "meat-packing, canned-goods and sugar-refining plants, our fishing fleets, and everything else that has been and is being created in our food industry." Bulganin says that Stalin "went into all the details of the production of new types of weapons" and even directed conferences of "engineers, airmen, tankists, artillerymen, naval men and leaders of our industry."

In diplomacy, agriculture, industry, the armed forces, culture, and everything else Stalin knows everything, does everything, and foresees everything, in addition to which he is also a model of simplicity and modesty.

That Stalin's genius is universal, infallible, and unparalleled is not a new discovery in the sycophantic literature of the Stalin epoch. But one aspect that the courtiers never quite dared to work on before is now being stressed. Thanks to the Second World War, Stalin has become the world's greatest warlord. Bulganin, who exploits this field with the most enthusiasm, calls Stalin "the greatest military leader of modern times" and announces that "our people quite justly regard Comrade Stalin, the creator of the Soviet military science, as the greatest of military leaders." Getting down to details, Bulganin claims that "Comrade Stalin himself directed the course of every operation." The development of the entire war economy was "due entirely" to Stalin. Russian soldiers rushed into battle crying: "For Stalin, for our Motherland!" —a nice case of first things first.

Sooner or later, dictators all want to play Napoleon. The first modern dictator did not leave much room for originality. But what must be the effect of this monstrous idolatry on the people of Russia, particularly on the younger generation, which has known nothing else? Does the myth overreach itself and make itself ridiculous? Does anyone pity the poor old man for not having a moment to scratch his nose? Or has the myth gone so far that it is self-imposed and self-perpetuating? In any case, it is a fraud to pretend that Stalin worship arises out of the naive instincts of simple people. The example is set from the very top.

A decade ago, there was more to be learned from *Mein Kampf* about the evil nature of Hitlerism than in all of the most violent anti-Nazi revelations. Stalinism, too, reveals itself most nakedly in its self-glorification. It cannot mention Stalin without betraying the stigmata of despotism.

—Theodore Draper

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Cassandras and Casualties

"If one prophesies disaster and it happens, one has been a true prophet," Walter Lippmann wrote not long ago. "And if it does not happen, one is readily forgiven and may even suggest that but for the warning the disaster would have happened."

After a recent luncheon speech at the National Press Club in Washington, Senator Taft remarked that in his opinion the principal trouble with the American press today is that it devotes too much time to predicting the future and too little to recording what has happened. The laughter and applause from his audience, nearly all of whom were connected with news media, indicated general agreement.

In 1862, if a Boston newspaper predicted that the Confederates would soon be in Washington or printed an editorial critical of General McClellan, the soldier in the Army of the Potomac was not affected. Today, what with airmail, overseas editions, and worldwide radio broadcasts, a soldier in Korea or Germany is definitely discouraged by predictions of disaster and unfavorable comments on his leaders, his weapons, and his equipment.

The January 15, 1951, issue of *Time* gave the troops fighting a grim withdrawal action in Korea no cause for rejoicing. "By the most optimistic speculation," said *Time*, "U.N. forces would be able to hold only a corner of the shattered peninsula." In another article, the same issue reported that there was more and more talk that the U.N. forces would quit Korea altogether: "Even if Pusan could be held (which was by no means certain), it was not clear what good it would do. The last time, the U.N. forces used the perimeter as a base for a counter-offensive; there was no such hope this time."

Time made an odd editorial comment in the same issue: "No neighborhood saloon lacks a master strategist who can prove that the U.S. is helpless against the Reds in Korea or Indo-China, or Iran, or France. Such calamity-howling Clausewitzes are twice as thick in the Senate as in the saloons, twice as thick in the State Department as in the Senate, and twice as thick in the Pentagon as in the State Department."

On the radio, in the syndicated columns, and in Congress, the predictions of disaster are not so definite, but the tear-down technique is prevalent, particularly as applied to our military leaders. Drew Pearson, who had previously made unfavorable comment on the late General Walton S. Walker, reported serious friction between the Army Chief of Staff, General J. Lawton Collins, and General Mark Clark, Chief of the Army Field Forces. The following week he was "happy to make a correction." But corrections don't always catch up with accusations.

Pearson, *Time*, and the members of Congress are not exceptional in predicting disaster or in unfavorable comment on our military leaders. The tendency is general. Comments are also freely made which unjustifiably lower the confidence of our soldiers, sailors, airmen, and Marines in their weapons.

John B. Spore recently commented on the unfavorable comparison by Joseph and Stewart Alsop, in a *Saturday Evening Post* article, of the American 105-mm. howitzer with the Soviet 122-mm. howitzer. He pointed out that the Alsops ignored the fact that we are ahead of the Russians in having the proximity fuze in quantity, and picked other flaws in their comparison of the two weapons.

I may say from personal observation that neither the Germans nor our allies during the Second World War ever approached, let alone equaled, the ability of American artillery to mass its fire promptly and accurately on an enemy attack wave or on an enemy strong point that was holding up the advance of our infantry. To suppose that the Soviet armies with their inadequate communications, crude fire-direction equipment, and poorly educated officers and men are now able to do even as well as the Germans is fantastic.

The Alsops conceded that our artillery weapons are more accurate than those of the Russians, but failed to give proper credit to the importance of this advantage. Inaccuracy means that a standing barrage cannot be put down close to front lines when the enemy makes a night attack, and also means that supporting fires must be lifted earlier when infantry attacks, so that the defenders have more time to get out of their holes and dugouts and use their machine guns and hand weapons.

"Morale is the greatest single factor in successful war," wrote General Eisenhower in his book, *Crusade in Europe*. Morale, *esprit*, fighting spirit—whatever you want to call it—is vital in the development of air, sea, or land units that will win in combat. It is also sensitive. Under modern conditions of communication, predictions of failure written in the ignorance lent by remoteness from the battlefield, penned by individuals who bear no burden of responsibility, may well depress the fighting man, though oftener they merely anger him. It is not impossible that disaster in print may lead to disaster in fact. —H. W. Blakeley

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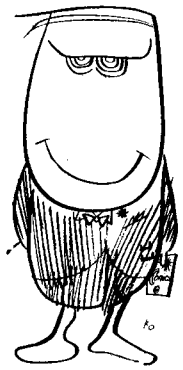
The Comic-Book Industry—

'We Can Do Anything! *Anything!*'



At a recent convention of the cartoon-book industry, one publisher reviewed the accomplishments of his colleagues in the manipulation of public opinion and announced: "Why, we can do anything! *Anything!* Somebody want a revolution started in a banana republic? Just give us the print order and a couple of weeks, and we'll have 'em stringing up the President before you can say 'mass medium'!"

Unquestionably, the speaker had been mesmerized by such primal forces as Superman and Bugs Bunny. Yet he reflected the exuberance of a trade that is just beginning to sense its power. It has taken the comic, once dismissed by John Mason Brown as "the marijuana of the nursery," and brought it, for better or worse, into the living room. It has shown that the same techniques that have charmed millions of children into following the fortunes of cowhands and mice can be used to peddle ideas to the children's parents.

The output of "special-purpose booklets" is already above 125 million. They vary from ones "selling" a company ("Bob and Betty in Columbia Land"—Columbia Records) to those "selling" a program ("The Plot to Steal the World"—New Jersey Manufacturers Association) and from those helping to raise funds ("Donald Duck and the Red Feather") to those explaining a budget ("Second Annual Report of the Louisiana State Hospital Board"). Last year King Features issued "Dagwood Splits the Atom!" and sold close to a million copies.

The lure is always the same: the fantastically large "readership" cartoons enjoy. Comics, according to a survey backed by Hearst's Sunday supplement, *Puck, The Comic Weekly,* are read regularly by 81.1 per cent of all urban adults and by ninety-two per cent of their children. Nor do differences in rank or status matter: The rate for unskilled laborers is 78.9 per cent; for professionals and executives, seventy-eight per cent.

Comics, moreover, draw three times as many readers as do the day's important news stories. Beside them, even the columnists appear to be talking to themselves. Elmo Roper found that while fifty-one per cent of the readers have a favorite comic character, only fourteen per cent have a favorite columnist.

It is only surprising that the educators and salesmen and propagandists waited as long as they did before moving into the comic-book field. One of the first to glimpse the possibilities was General Electric. Eager to put out some high-school material on science as a kind of institutional advertising, G.E. got in touch with General Comics. They came up with a sixteen-page cartoon book in color called "Adventures in Electricity." ("Ed: 'This is a generator unit so big that it supplies as much power as a million men.' Johnny: *'A million men . . .* WOW!' ")

With some misgivings, G.E. settled for an initial run of 300,000 copies and sent one to each teacher on its list, with an order card attached. In no time, the press run had to be increased to 500,000. To date, more than 2.8 million of these booklets have been distributed—plus 10.5 million of the next six numbers in the series. Copies are still being requested of G.E. at the rate of 25,000 per school day.

The success of this venture reverberated around the cartoon-book field. On its own hook, General Comics concocted a pamphlet on the profit system entitled "We Hit the Jackpot" and sold it in carload lots to some three hundred companies. For Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation it produced "Jimmy's Jobs." This story of youngsters in business pointed up certain "economic facts" that every worker should know, and received a warm welcome from the front office. General's next objective is a whole series of books like "Jimmy's Job," made available to any firm that can pay the fee. The booklets "will cover practically every subject management wants to get over to employees in a way that is clear, timely, tested, effective and *safe for general use*" (italics mine).

Perhaps General's biggest excursion into the public-opinion sector, however, has been its work for the National Association of Manufacturers. Here, in "Watch Out For Big Talk!" and "Fight for Freedom," General deals out some mighty blows for liberty. We learn from history's grim lesson, for example, that "In ancient Rome the 'planned state' ended up in doles and disaster. . . In the Middle Ages it brought wreck and ruin. . ." As for our own American Revolution, it turns out to have been aimed at those "government planners in

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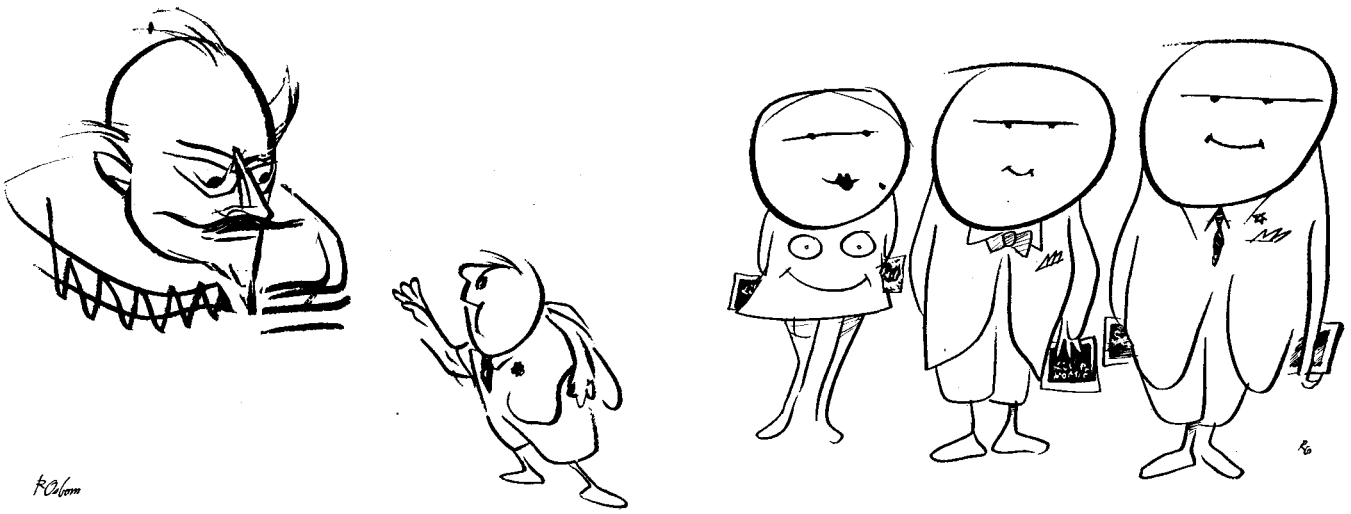

London." The battle cry of the Minute Men is one to stir any heart: "The colonies are suffering from TOO MUCH GOVERNMENT!"

One of General's stalwart competitors is Harvey Publications. Already in control of "Joe Palooka," "Dick Tracy," and "Flash Gordon," Harvey has been hitching its stars to various wagons. Blondie and Dagwood are on loan to the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene, acting out in color panels certain homely tips to better family relationships. ("After you've faced your problems, it's a lot easier to face yourself!") Joe Palooka has been telling six million children how to ride the school bus in comparative safety.

Two young "independents" also have made good. One, an artists' representative named M. Philip Copp, plucked contracts for two big State Department booklets from under the annoyed noses of the rest of the industry. The first was "Eight Great Americans"; the second, "The Korea Story." Drawn tastefully in black and white and printed by offset on top-quality paper, "Eight Great Americans" dealt with the lives of Lincoln, Walt Whitman, Carnegie, Jane Addams, George Washington Carver, Edison, Jefferson, and Washington. Unfortunately it was pretty stiff and static, sacrificing a good deal of narrative pace to dignified exposition. As for "The Korea Story" (which was run off by the hundred thousand in six different languages), it suffered from something beyond the artist's control. The script wound up on a note of triumph—just as the roof was caving in on MacArthur's pre-Christmas offensive.

The other young standout in the business is Malcolm Ater, thirty-five-year-old head of Commercial Comics. Despite his firm's name, Ater (who used to work for General) is known principally for the way he has pushed the cartoon book into politics. He is responsible for comics glamorizing candidates, including Harry S. Truman, Elpidio Quirino, Sid McMath, Scott Lucas, and Albert J. Loveland. His treatment of Truman, of which the Democrats distributed about three million copies in 1948, gained prestige from the President's victory.

Ater isn't sure whether to be proud of the Quirino job. "There was quite an uproar, and several people got shot when the thing came out in the Philippines," he says. "So I guess you could call it effective. But a chap who knows the islands told me later the facts in it were completely one-sided. Seems that the *other* party was right after all. It makes you wonder."

Because comic-book output costs are quite small (Copp charged the State Department $24,000 for its first 260,000 copies of "Eight Great Americans" with reorders much lower per unit), almost anyone with a couple of artists, some newsprint, and sales ability can put himself in business. When the Department of the Army recently announced a cartoon-book project, forty-six firms submitted bids.

Even amateurs have been getting into the act—though not always with happy results. Mrs. India Edwards, head of the Women's Democratic National Committee, tried to economize by putting out her own comic book on the Brannan Plan. More comic than was at all necessary, it included such scenes as that of a group of "average American housewives" holding hands and chirping:

"Come, girls! Let's sing and dance around!
Let's tell the folks in country and town
That the Brannan Plan is really a honey!
It chops down prices and saves tax money!"

Earlier, the Army, in need of some 22,000 officers and perturbed by the low rate of enrollment in ROTC courses, asked for a pamphlet that would persuade more college men to join. Harvey responded with "Time of Decision," a sixteen-pager in color about "the story of the thing that changed Ted Wright from an outsider to a popular man-about-college and a leader in a world of competition."

Ted checks in with Bob, his faculty adviser, who quickly puts him straight by telling him the story of his own life. Bob, it seems, joined the ROTC in 1935. ("Army ROTC men looked mighty sharp in the officer type uniform that's issued to them. Free of charge, too!") In

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duty hours, Bob absorbed "the principles of leadership." Off duty, he met The Girl ("There is something about a soldier"). When Bob graduated, his commandant told him, "You've learned what it takes to be a success in the world!" A job followed. It was easily handled, thanks to ROTC. ("[It] gave me self-confidence and taught me how to explain myself clearly . . .")

When war came, Bob was way ahead of his friend Jim, who had frivolously passed up ROTC and had been drafted in the end anyway. ("Jim? . . . he's sweating it out as a private at Fort Bliss down in Texas . . . I wish I had his letter, I'd like to read you what he says about his wife trying to get along on the family allotment!")

The impact of this narrative upon the students of Harvard, Yale, and similar institutions, unfortunately, left something to be desired. The Dean of Boston College termed it "an insult to our freshmen." The students themselves seemed less insulted than amused, yet the authors of "Time of Decision" could justifiably claim that it had a much higher readership on even the most hostile campus than T. S. Eliot. Pitched toward the freshmen, it proved to have been read with equal avidity by sophomores, juniors, and seniors. And of those who read it and were interviewed, eighty per cent had a fair idea of its message.

Did it persuade them? Unquestionably, say the producers: Enrollment in ROTC jumped a good fifteen per cent. But, adds Colonel Robert Burhans of the Adjutant General's Office, "if we'd never published the pamphlet, the results might easily have been the same. There were a lot of other pressures bearing down on the kids—fear of the draft, for instance."

General Comics put out a booklet to explain the Taft-Hartley Law to the employees of General Electric ("Anne Gets The Answer"). Later, interrogators for the Psychological Corporation revealed that forty-five per cent of those who read the comic believed the law was good, as against thirty-five per cent of those who hadn't read it. Which probably proves something—though perhaps only that the readers proved by reading it that they were relatively more open to persuasion than the nonreaders.

One reason it is so difficult to get any dependable proof of the comics' efficacy is the problem of isolating the experiment. The college boys were being influenced not only by the threat of Selective Service and by the Harvey pamphlet but also by radio, newspapers, films, and magazines.

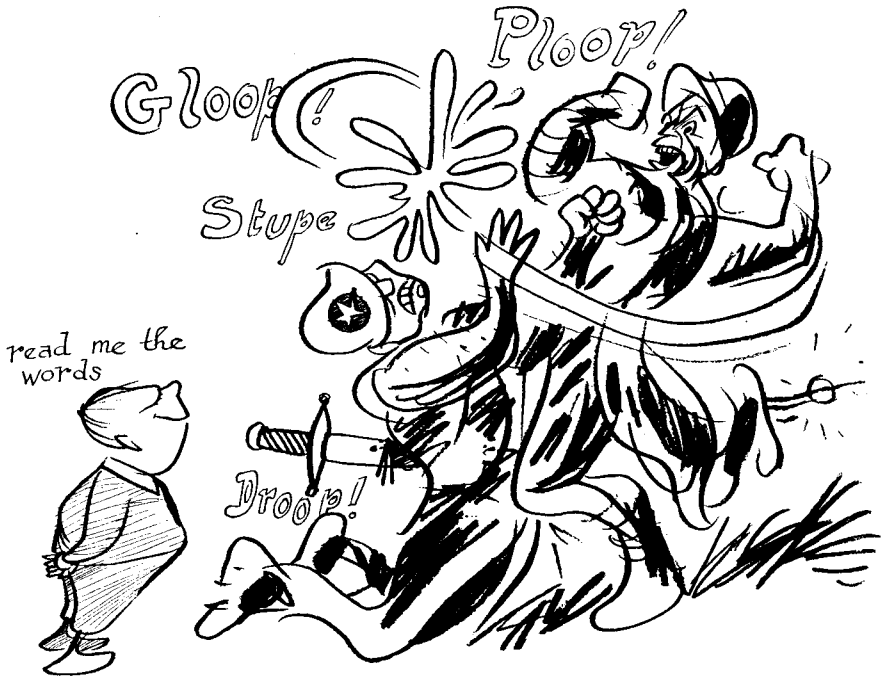
It boils down to a matter of faith; and faith is the comic-book industry's long suit. Those who doubt the cartoon's capacity to inform and to convince are few, and fewer still are those who doubt that its employment is a good thing. When professors and other outsiders shudder publicly at the thought of a generation nursed on such pap, they are sternly reminded that this is no time for belles-lettres—this is the moment for mass communication. If most Americans can handle only a sixth-grade vocabulary (as studies by Professor Robert Thorndike indicate), it is futile, say the industry's apologists, to address them in the language of Balliol. If most of them can follow a line of thought only if it is acted out in pictorial charades, then by all means give them cartoons and balloons.

As Ater puts it: "Corn is a language we all understand. Corn is *good*, so long as it gets the point across. So are catchy phrases and clichés. As a matter of fact, however, the fewer words you use, the better. . . . Let the picture tell the story. If it can't, there's something wrong with the picture."

We seem, in short, to have swung back to the pictograph on the cave wall. To some educators this appears a gain, not a loss. For, they assert, it has reintroduced a purely visual, nonverbal element to the process of communication. Lancelot Hogben, though skeptical of much that the comic offers, is convinced that it may, properly used, "make explicit to a vastly greater number of children and of adults knowledge of a sort accessible only to a minority with a special gift for abstraction . . ."

Others are even more sanguine. They argue that the comics are a progressive form, in that they give the human spirit a chance to respond to color and line as well as to cold type. It may seem a far stretch from Palooka to Palestrina, yet the analogy is brought forward solemnly that the use of cartoons means an enriching and reinforcing of the written message, just as, in the Mass, the music and the drama and the panoply of the service all strengthen immeasurably the impact of the liturgy. At any rate, they say, it makes no more sense to condemn the comic strip for the uses to which is has often been put than it does to dismiss the printed word for its abuse in the pulps. Cartoon books, they argue, are neither good nor bad; they are what artist, writer, and public make of them.

Some criticism, proponents of the cartoon argue, comes from the "illusion" that information comics will replace other reading matter. According to Dr. Harvey Zorbaugh, head of New



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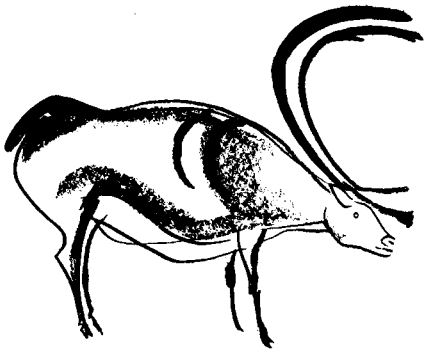
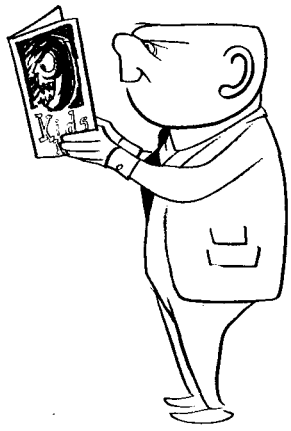
York University's Workshop on the Cartoon Narrative, it is more realistic to suppose that cartoon books will merely supplement the ordinary diet of the literate public, while reaching out to entice a vaster semi-literate group whose members never read books and serious articles anyway. The truth, according to Dr. Zorbaugh, critic laureate of the industry, is that "many facts and concepts, vital to American democracy, cannot be sufficiently widely communicated by the printed word. To ignore this is to forfeit democracy. While educators are working to lift our ability to communicate through language symbols, there remains the need for the fullest use of media that minimize language, spoken as well as written."

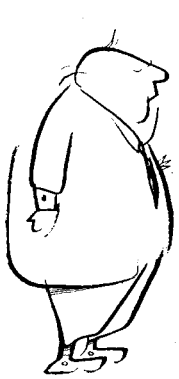
Opponents of the comic book ask what the end result of this minimizing of language is likely to be. One educator, Dr. Augusta Jellinek, offers this answer: "The habit of looking at the very richly illustrated material makes the children reluctant to read. They develop the habit of reading only the captions and simple sentences. Since the meaning becomes clear through the picture, the child does not necessarily have to understand the exact meaning of every word. Many children prefer to read comic books to such an extent that they rarely read any other book spontaneously."

Dr. Frederic Wertham, New York psychiatrist, concurs. In one of his mildest critiques, he writes: "Not only are comic books optically hard to read, with their garish colors and semiprinted balloons, but they are psychologically bad, turning the child's interest from reading to picture gazing."

Such objections are summarily brushed aside, however, by those whose eyes are focused on the quick conversion of the world's illiterate masses. "It's perfectly simple," said one important publications official in the State Department. "You take the Indo-Chinese. Here's a country of about 27 millions, and a total press circulation of 162,000. As for the number of radio receivers—well, let's call it 'limited.' Now, if you're going to talk to the Indo-Chinese at all, you've got to do it with a minimum of words, a maximum of pictures. You've got to tell 'em stories—stories that'll get repeated and passed around from person to person. And you've got to keep the big names, the big abstractions, out of it. Listen, only one Indo-Chinese in a hundred has heard even of Truman or Stalin. If you start referring to Jefferson or Lenin, you're talking to one-half of one per cent of the Indo-Chinese—and that's a doggone slim audience."







He said he believed that cartoon books must be constructed, without apology, at the level of the lowest common denominator. Their target will be the audience not merely of the Far East but of the Middle East and Africa as well. In Europe, he feels, the booklets should be aimed primarily at children and adolescents; their parents, he observes wryly, "seems to prefer their ideas in a less elementary medium."

Curiously enough, as this expert pointed out, one of the last bastions of resistance to the comics was manned by the Italian Communists. Their colleagues under Mao Tse-tung had succumbed long before; Mao's men have turned out more than two hundred separate titles for mass distribution. But for a full year the party in Italy denounced comic books as a debased form of literature, a vulgarization of art, and a wicked projection of Americanism. It called on the children to toss their comic books into "peace bonfires." Instead, the children developed an even brisker trade in used copies. Italy's seventy-two-odd weekly comics and thirty-two monthlies began to get a readership far in excess of their nominal 1,500,000 circulation. The Communists paused, reflected—and gave in. They are now entering the field with two comics of their own.

The year 1951 should see the American informational comic book hit an appallingly long stride. The State Department will release tens of millions more on Africa, Asia, and Europe. Civil defense undoubtedly will use it to tell the public what to do when the heavens fall. The armed forces will begin in earnest to grind out "educational" cartoons for the troops. And the politicians, warming up for the 1952 finals, will assuredly be shopping around for heroic "autobiographies" in sixteen pages and four colors. Unless the newsprint supply runs out, it is hard to see how the U.S. cartoon-book output in 1951 can fall much below sixty million.

—Beverley Bowie

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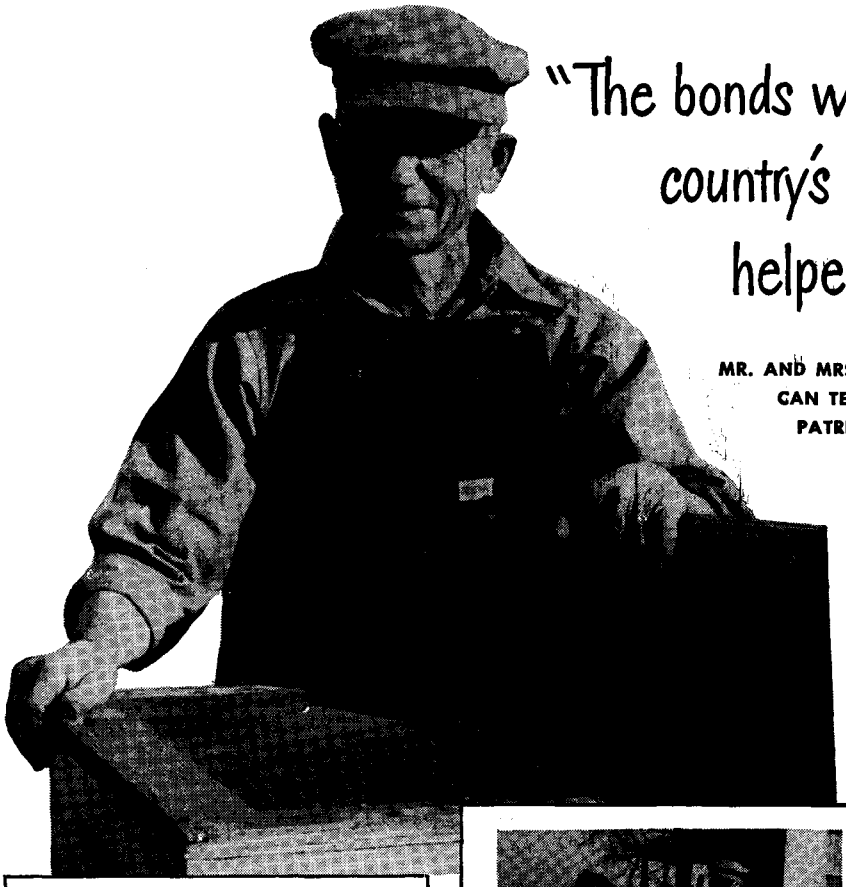
The comics: They are moving into business and politics (see p. 37)

"The bonds we bought for our country's defense bought and helped equip our farm!"

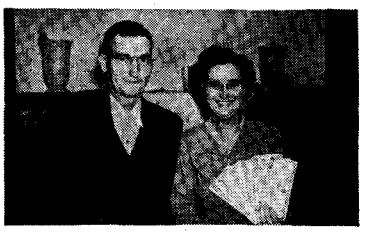
MR. AND MRS. CHARLEY L. WHATLEY OF CUTHBERT, GA. CAN TELL YOU—IT'S PRACTICAL AS WELL AS PATRIOTIC TO BUY BONDS FOR DEFENSE



Mr. Whatley inspects a beehive on his 202-acre farm. "I wouldn't own a farm, clear, today," he says, "if it weren't for U. S. Savings Bonds. We bought a new truck, refrigerator and electric range, too. I've discovered that bonds are the best way of saving for a working man."

Mr. Whatley says, "My wife and I bought our first bonds in 1943, through the Payroll Savings Plan at the Martha Mills plant of the B. F. Goodrich Co. in Thomaston. Our pay averaged $40 a week apiece and we put about a quarter of that amount into U. S. Savings Bonds."

"We'd saved $6,925 by 1950. $4,000 bought us our 202-acre farm and a 6-room house. Then we bought a new truck, a refrigerator and electric range. Now Mrs. Whatley has time for tending her flowers while I can enjoy my hobby of bee-keeping. We owe it all to *planned* saving."



"We're still holding bonds, too. We don't believe that anyone should cash his bonds unless he has to, so we're holding about $1,800 worth. With that cash reserve, and our farm clear, we can grow old with comfort and peace of mind. Everybody should buy U. S. Savings Bonds!"

The Whatleys' story can be your story, too!

You can make your dream come true, too—just as the Whatleys did. It's easy! Just start *now* with these three simple steps:

1. Make one big decision—to put saving *first*, before you even draw your pay.

2. Decide to save a regular amount *systematically*, week after week or month after month. Even small sums saved on a systematic basis, become a large sum in an amazingly short time!

3. Start saving automatically by signing up *today* in the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. You may save as little as $1.25 a week or as much as $375 a month. If you can set aside just $7.50 weekly, in 10 years you'll have bonds and interest worth $4,329.02 cash!

You'll be providing security not only for yourself and your family but for the free way of life that's so important to us all. And in far less time than you think, you'll have turned your dreams into reality, just as the Whatleys did.

U. S. SAVINGS BONDS ARE DEFENSE BONDS —BUY THEM REGULARLY!

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